E Farrington
4 Farringdon
E.C

THE PENNY
ILLUSTRATED PAPER

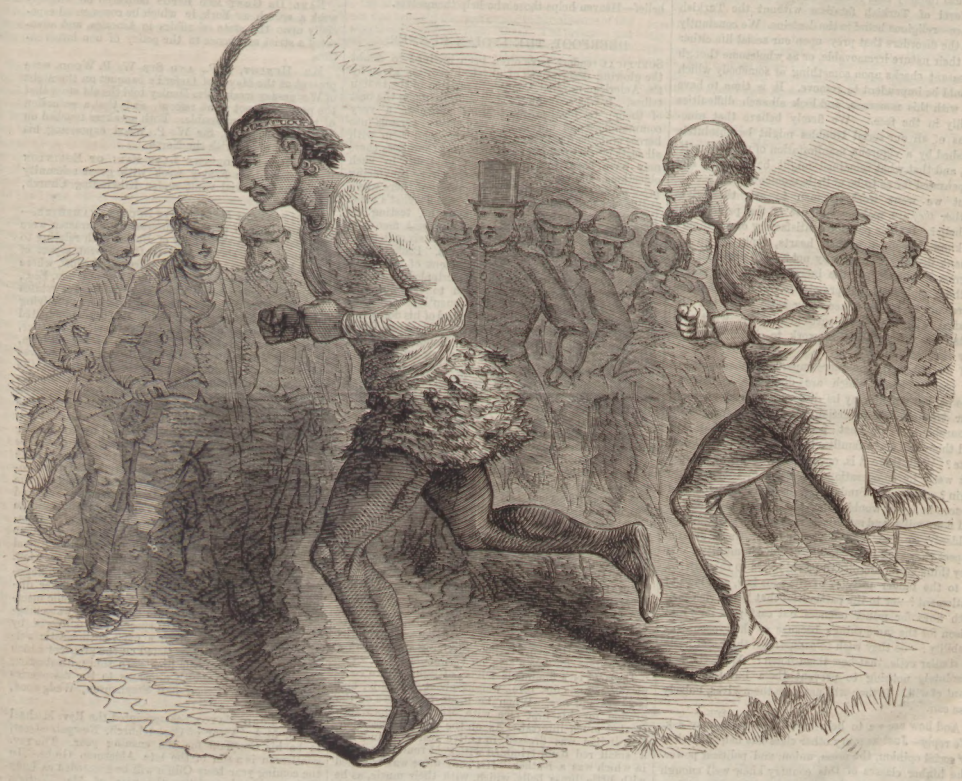
WITH ALL THE NEWS OF THE WEEK.

No. 2.] LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1861. [Vol. 1.

Topics of the Week.

Heaven helps those who help themselves! If it were possible to condense into one short phrase the entire essence of our national history and character, surely it would be this we should choose. From the very earliest periods there seems to have been something in the soil, the atmosphere, or in the surrounding sea of these islands that instilled and developed the idea of self-help. How nobly those painted savages, our British ancestors, kept at bay Cæsar and his legions! How the conquered Saxons absorbed their Norman conquerors, and so, in a sense, mastered the masters! How in religion we threw off the yoke of the Papacy, and in politics the despotism of the Stuarts! And we did these things not only because we were prompted to do them by great motives, but because we put our own shoulders to the wheel; and endured pain, and danger, and pecuniary loss cheerfully while making the inevitable struggle.

And this quality lies at the very core of our life as a people. It is not a thing that belongs exclusively to our aristocracy, or to any special body, or even to a few favoured individuals scattered through the mass, but is to be found everywhere—among high and low—creating worldly success for those who are favoured by birth, connections, or by particular opportunity, and banding the industrious classes into societies and unions of all sorts. The millions of England, for aught we can tell, might have been to-day what they were a few centuries ago, slaves, but for their possession of this precious belief—Heaven helps those who help themselves. It is a curious fact that no one can tell the exact time when the feudal lords of England lost or resigned their right over the persons of their humbler fellows



THE GREAT FOOT-RACE BETWEEN DEERFOOT (THE RED INDIAN) AND JACKSON (THE AMERICAN DEER) ON MONDAY LAST.

men; but this we know, that, whereas these rights were intact before the popular outbreaks of Wat Tyler and Jack Cade, they were lost or allowed to sink into disuse soon after. Thus, if we compare three several classes and periods, all greatly differing from each other in almost every respect—viz., the Norman Conquest by the proud followers of William, the armed protest of the humbler classes against social degradation under Tyler and Cade, and the war of the middle and higher classes for liberty against Charles I.—we see through all the same essential spirit of manliness shine out, and we see how, through the junction of all—aristocracy, middle class, and the hard-working bulk of the people—the strong, self-reliant English character has been built up.

But is there no reverse to the shield? What are we to say about the prolonged existence of all sorts of evils among us, that can only require a moderate exertion of enlightened firmness to remove? Why do we submit to be poisoned at every meal by the vilest adulterations of our food? Why are we horrified by such facts as three deaths within a few days—one of them a Lord Lieutenant—from mistakes with regard to bottles supposed to contain medicines; or by the social murder (for one can esteem it no less) of our wives and daughters by the present fashion in dress, and by the utter carelessness shown with regard to the safety from fire of those articles of costume which are in permanent use. The horrible death of the wife of the great American poet by the taking fire of her loose muslin sleeves; the destruction of a whole group of ballet-girls by a similar accident to their skirts; and the slaughter of a hecatomb of female victims in honour of the hideous idol Crinoline within the last few weeks, are enough to make one unsay all that has been said about the virtues of the Anglo-Saxon character, and come to the conclusion that we may be all best described as a people unable to take even the commonest care of themselves.

The truth is we are habitually given to a species of practical impiety that reduces us in certain respects to the level of Turkish fatalism without the Turkish defence—religious belief in the doctrine. We constantly treat the disorders that prey upon our social life either as in their nature irremovable, or as wholesome though unpleasant checks upon something or somebody which it would be imprudent to remove. It is time to have done with this nonsense, and look all such difficulties steadily in the face. We firmly believe that nine-tenths of all our social troubles might be absolutely abolished by a vigorous manifestation of national self-help, and that what remained might be so borne and compensated for as to be of little moment.

But we want working men to ask themselves whether *they* are making full use of the principle of self-help? Is their position a satisfactory one to them? We know they must, in their hearts, reply by an indignant denial. Then, why not? If, amid all the progress of knowledge, the increase of wealth, and of all those appliances that promise to make wealth go on increasing in an ever-increasing ratio, they are dissatisfied with their own particular share, what prevents them from setting to work to obtain whatever they can justly ask?

If we put aside the mere superficial phenomena of the passing hour, which are doubtless sufficiently adverse, but which may be dispersed by a single loud, clear trumpet-call to action, the time is eminently favourable. Is it that path they seek that will lead them and their families to a more genial material state? Well, there it is, opened to them, as we showed last week by co-operation. Is it money they need, to begin? Why, the funds they dissipate in drink and tobacco in a year would suffice to originate more stores, and flour-mills, and manufactures than they could hope suddenly to find men fit to manage. Is it greater respect they seek from the rest of the community?—do they think it an indignity to be subjected to the lash?—or to the tender mercies of the poor law, and laws of settlement?—or to the partialities that let off rich men with fines for minor offences but cast poor men into prison for the same things because of their pecuniary inability?—do they wish to escape from these and hosts of similar evils, that bow them down? Well, there is absolutely nothing to prevent them but their own want of will. If they will not help themselves, nobody else can.

And how are we to help ourselves? some may ask. We reply—Just as every other class has helped itself—by social opinion, the press, union, and political power. The higher classes of this country knew well enough what politics meant to them long before these recent days of universal enlightenment. It meant influence over all legislation—first, for their own individual benefit; secondly, for the good of all other people. So again, when the middle classes began to perceive that their interests were not exactly looked to under this system, they did not quarrel, any further than they could possibly help, with their superiors in social rank: no; they simply demanded an equal share in the business of Government, and when they found their demands resisted they merely fell back on the old adage, "Heaven helps those who help themselves," and so they managed to help themselves to the Reform Bill. And now they, too, are content. Meantime we suppose the working classes are looking to see some grand movement made in their behalf by all the fortunate possessors of power. If so, they will wait a long time, and very rightly. Those who don't value political power sufficiently to make a determined but peaceable effort to obtain it are not likely to make good use of it if it were at once bestowed upon them.

Why then, we again ask, are not the millions vigorously at work to achieve their own social redemption? Miss Martineau states at the close of her History of the Peace—that is, of the period since the Battle of Waterloo—that all the events it deals with, including the Reform Bill, improved municipalities, Catholic and Dissenters' emancipation, poor-law legislation, with all the progress in wealth and knowledge, and all the industrial developments of the era, are but preliminary to, and a preparation for, a new era and a grander state of things. And what is that?—why, the *elevation of Labour*. But, if so, Labour must make no mistakes, but do as every successful class has done before it—trust to itself. It will have, it has, friends in every other class, but it must be its own chief friend. To respect law and authority, to treat demagogues with scorn, to consider scrupulously the rights of others,—these are the weapons with which the working men must arm themselves when they address themselves in earnest to the duty of political emancipation; and with their aid they must succeed, if they only check impatience, do not demand too much at a time, and if, above all, they trust implicitly to the belief—Heaven helps those who help themselves.

DEERFOOT, THE INDIAN RUNNER.

Sceptical readers have often been inclined to doubt the glowing descriptions of physical prowess given by the American novelist, Cooper, in relation to the Indian tribes. It was convenient, they said, to make the best of them; to idealise, for literary purposes, a very commonplace and unprepossessing class of persons into heroes suitable for fiction, and to surround them with all sorts of picturesque enrichments. Doubtless there may have been just an element of truth in such objections. But we have had recently a very convincing proof given to us, on the other hand, that there was a still larger foundation of reality for the novelist's view. We have now a true Indian among us, testing his bodily powers in competition with our best men and beating them. He has already engaged in six matches—lost the first, and won all the others. Probably the effect of his voyage and the excitement of his introduction to a new country may have crippled him in his first race, and have compelled him to discipline and bring forth all his powers, subsequently, with such entire success. Here is the brief record of his doings:—Monday, Sept. 9, defeated by Mills, at Hackney Wick, for the six-mile champion's belt; Monday, Sept. 16, defeated White, of Gateshead, in a four-mile race for £50 at Manchester; Monday, Sept. 23, won the ten-mile champion's cup at Hackney Wick, defeating White and Mills; Monday, Sept. 30, defeated Levett, at Dublin, in a ten-mile race for £50, in which he gave Levett a minute start; and Monday, Oct. 7, defeated Mills and Levett in a twelve-mile race for £100, at Dublin, doing the distance in 65 min. 6 sec.

The latest of his matches was on Monday last, when a large number of spectators met in Mr. Roberts's pedestrian-ground, Old Brompton, to witness a foot race between Deerfoot and Jackson, an American, for £50, over a distance of four miles. Jackson had, it is estimated, run, in his various matches in Europe and America, more miles than the distance once round the world. Like all the other competitors, he was now to be beaten by Deerfoot. He gave up at the thirteenth time of traversing the course, leaving the victor to go the other three times alone. Having apparently beaten off all opponents in this way, he is now about to try his fate in a different kind of struggle. A match has been made between Beckwith and Deerfoot. They have signed articles to swim twenty lengths of the Lambeth bath, Deerfoot receiving a quarter of a minute start, for £25 a side, on Wednesday, Oct. 23.

Deerfoot is a fine-made fellow, of light brown complexion, stands 5ft. 10in., weighs about 11st. 6lb., and is 29 years of age. When he made his entrée on the ground for his first race with Mills his appearance created much interest. As on the previous occasion, the Indian was dressed in native costume and had a small red band trimmed with gold round his head, in which was a feather. His body-dress was trimmed with little brass bells, which, with their music, as he came bounding along, announced his approach. In the rear of the Indian came the gallant little Mills. If there was a marked difference in the size of the two men, there was likewise a marked and striking difference in their style and action. Deerfoot, in running, seemed to roll and rock his powerfully-developed frame from side to side; while Mills was, on the contrary, all compactness. Indeed, there was a grace in his actions that marked him as one of the prettiest runners that ever contended. Deerfoot, it seems, would not run in the regular running-shoes, which he treated with contempt, but preferred his moccasins; nor can he be induced to rest on a bed, preferring to wrap himself in his skin and lie upon the bare boards.

Home News.

The Court.—Her Majesty has made excursions daily during the past week to places of interest in the Highlands. On one day the Queen visited Glen Tilt, and on another her Majesty drove to the falls of the Garivalt. On Sunday last the Queen and the Prince Consort, the Prince of Wales, Princess Hohenlohe, Princess Alice, and Prince Louis of Hesse, attended by the Ladies and Gentlemen in Waiting, attended Divine service in the parish church of Crathie.

Prorogation of Parliament.—At the Court of Balmoral, Oct. 11—present, the Queen's most excellent Majesty in Council—it was ordered that the Parliament which stood prorogued to Tuesday, the 22nd inst., be further prorogued to Tuesday, the 17th of December next.

At Southampton yesterday week Lord Palmerston presented the certificates to the successful candidates in the Oxford local examinations. Lord Palmerston in his speech set forth the general advantages of education, and the special benefit to be derived from the system of competitive examinations.

Earl Russell visited Sunderland on Friday week, where an address was presented to him by the Corporation. The noble Earl is on a visit to his daughter, who married Mr. Villiers, son of the late Bishop of Durham. Mr. Villiers is Curate of Bishopwearmouth. The noble Earl also met with a complete ovation in Newcastle-on-Tyne on Monday. In the afternoon an address was presented to the noble Lord, and in the evening a banquet was held in the New Townhall. The banquet was most brilliantly attended, and the noble Earl's speech was one worthy of the veteran reformer and the friend of Italian freedom.

Earl De Grey and Ripon delivered on Tuesday week a speech at York, in which he commented especially upon the state of affairs in America, and advocated a strict adherence to the policy of non-intervention.

Mr. Henley, M.P., and Sir W. P. Wood, were present at the Mayor of Oxford's banquet on the night of Wednesday week. Mr. Henley told the old story that the people did not want reform, and that a reduction of taxation was impossible. Both speakers touched on Italy and America, Sir W. P. Wood expressing his cordial sympathy with the North.

The Remains of the Late Earl of Eglinton were interred on Friday week with great solemnity in the family burial vault under Kilwinning Church, Ayrshire.

Anti-slavery Meetings in Buckinghamshire.—Two meetings of a highly-interesting character were held last week in the county of Bucks, both relating to the question of slavery, and to the present aspect of affairs in America. One took place at Marlow, where the meeting was presided over by James Carson, Esq., of Spinfield, proprietor of large sugar and coffee estates in the Island of Jamaica. The chairman bore gratifying testimony to the character and conduct of the emancipated negroes in Jamaica, and spoke highly of their intelligence, enterprise, and probity. The speech of Mr. Martin, who five years ago was a slave in North Carolina, was remarkable equally for the purity of its language, the elevation of its thoughts, the gracefulness of its delivery, and the intimate acquaintance which it displayed with the present state of things in America. The second meeting was held in the Townhall of High Wycombe. The audience was addressed by Mr. Harper Twelvetrees, who, in a very able speech, reviewed the origin of the present war in America, the conduct of the Federal Government in relation thereto, and the probable issues of the contest. He spoke favourably of the intentions of the Administration at Washington, and believed that they would not be slow to take advantage of events to further the extinction of slavery. Committees auxiliary to the National Anti-slavery League are in course of formation in both towns, and a liberal collection in aid of the funds was made on each occasion.

The Liverpool School of Science was inaugurated by Earl Granville, Mr. Gladstone, and other distinguished men on Thursday week. The public meeting held at St. George's Hall in the evening was a magnificent affair. The principal speech was delivered by Mr. Gladstone, who received a most enthusiastic welcome, and eloquently expatiated on the progress which science and art had made in modern times, illustrating his argument by popular allusions to the discoveries and inventions of men like Stephenson, Wedgwood, and Watt.

The Lord Mayor has appointed the Rev. Michael Gibbs, M.A., Vicar of Christchurch, Newgate-street, to be his Chaplain for the ensuing year. The rev. gentleman is a son of the late Alderman Gibbs. In the coming year Lady Olliffe will be succeeded as Lady Mayoress by her sister, the wife of Mr. William Humphery, a member of the Bar, and a son of Alderman Humphery. Mrs. William Humphery is the youngest daughter of the Lord Mayor.

The Special Sunday Evening Services.—On Sunday evening several theatres and lecture-rooms in various parts of London were in full operation for the winter campaign of special Sunday evening services.

Two Deaths have just occurred which will excite some public interest. The first is that of Sir W. Cubitt, the eminent engineer, who died after a long illness on Sunday night. His name is identified with many important public works, the greatest of them being the Crystal Palace of 1851, the erection of which he superintended. Major Sibthorp died very suddenly on Monday. This melancholy event creates a vacancy in the representation of Lincoln, where the Sibthorp influence was supreme.

The Congregational Union Meetings, which were held at Birmingham during last week, are said to have been more than usually successful. A special chapel-building movement has been set on foot, the object being, if possible, to raise a fund of £100,000. On Wednesday week a great meeting was held in the Townhall, for "the Illustration and Enforcement of Congregational Principles." Speeches were delivered by Dr. Vaughan, Mr. Miall, Mr. Baines, M.P., and other leaders of the Nonconformist body. The proposed celebration next year of the bi-centenary anniversary of the expulsion of 2000 Ministers from the Established Church was also an important subject of discussion at these meetings.

An Enemy off Portsmouth.—On Tuesday week a party of the naval cadets from her Majesty's ship Britannia were bathing, as is their custom, on the beach between the harbour's mouth and Haslar Hospital, when a peculiar object was observed on the surface of the water, at no great distance from the bathers, by some seamen and the waterman of a boat which was coming into the harbour. On drawing near the object it was discovered to be the dorsal fin of a huge shark, which, with his head towards the bathers, was apparently engaged in watching their proceedings with great interest. The close proximity of the boat, however, appeared to disturb his cogitations, for the brute, with scarcely any perceptible effort, sheered off at great speed into deep water. Shortly afterwards he was seen cruising off the bathing-machines at Southsea.

Ireland.—The ceremony of conferring degrees and honours connected with the Queen's University took place on Friday week. The presentations were made by the Lord Lieutenant, who delivered one of his proverbially graceful speeches. But the speech of the occasion was made by Sir R. Peel, the new Irish Secretary, who spoke at some length and with considerable point.

The Duke of Wellington and his Battles.—Mr. Everett, in an article which appears in a New York paper, says:—"During my residence in London I had several very interesting conversations with the Duke of Wellington on the subject of the battle of Waterloo. One of them took place in the ballroom at Devonshire House, as we stood watching the dancers. He informed me that he had lately received a letter from a person about to write an account of the great battle, asking some information as to its details. 'I answered him,' said the Duke, 'that by comparing and studying the almost innumerable printed descriptions of the battle—English, French, and German—a man of sense could acquire a better knowledge of it at the present day than anybody, even the Commander-in-Chief, could get at the time from personal observation. Suppose any one,' he added, 'should ask us to-morrow morning to describe the position and movements of all the groups of dancers in this small space before us, we should not be able to report anything beyond what concerned a view of the more prominent personages on the floor. Much less can any individual observation extend to the detailed movements of numerous bodies of men extended over several miles.'"

Short-weight Bread.—The correspondent of a contemporary writes:—"Happening to be at home on Saturday when our baker called I weighed the bread he delivered, and found it 14 oz. short. The deficiency was upon three-and-a-half "quarterns," exactly 1 lb. per loaf. We have lately had the quartern loaf 5 oz. short. Now, as we consume nearly 600 quarterns per annum, you can readily imagine that our loss, even at such a rate, must be a consideration. In the instance above adverted to I insisted upon having my full weight, and a small loaf as a make-weight was fetched. I am anticipating that my scales will soon repay me for the sum invested in them. Frequently have I heard that it is not customary to weigh bread sent out to customers. The sooner the public aid in abolishing such a custom the better. The legal remedy appears simple."

Bursting of Gun-barrels.—In a journal entitled *La Feuilla de Tout le Monde* an explanation is given of a fact which has puzzled sporting men—namely, why the left barrel of a gun bursts so much more frequently than the right? The explanation is this:—The sportsman, on going out, loads both barrels, and, on seeing a bird rise, fires naturally the right one; he reloads that barrel, and when he again sees a bird or hare he fires it again; and so he does perhaps twenty times in succession. But each firing gives a shock to the charge in the left-hand barrel, and at last the succession of shocks separates the wadding from the powder and shot; the consequence is that a vacuum ensues between them, and when the second barrel is fired it frequently bursts. To prevent this danger, the recommendation is made that whenever the right-hand barrel is loaded the charge in the left-hand one should be also rammed down.

Accidents, Inquests, Etc.

Suicide of Viscount Forth.—We have to record the suicide of Viscount Forth, which occurred at Gloucester on Tuesday week. The late Viscount was the only son of the Earl of Perth, and was born at Naples in 1834. As will be remembered, his name figured conspicuously in a divorce case some months ago, in which some sad revelations of the deceased nobleman's habits of life were disclosed. He came to the Spa Hotel, Gloucester, in July last, under the name of Captain Drummond. He was accompanied by a lady about his own age, who passed as Mrs. Drummond. On the 19th ult. the lady gave birth to a female child, but afterwards became very ill, and was attended by Drs. Evans and Greaves. Their skill, however, proved of no avail, for she expired at five o'clock on the morning of Tuesday week. The Viscount was with her at the time of her death, was very much grieved, and wept bitterly. Soon afterwards he commenced drinking brandy, and appeared like a madman. In this state he continued several hours, after which he commenced packing his own and the deceased lady's clothes, and in doing so took a small roll of paper up, saying, "This belongs to me." He then left that room (in which were the nurse and landlady) and proceeded to another opposite, followed by the nurse, whose suspicions were excited by his conduct. He asked what was the matter, at the same time putting a bottle to his mouth. The nurse exclaimed, "Good God, he's got hold of the laudanum bottle!" The landlady seized the bottle, and succeeded in wresting it from him, but not until he had drunk nearly half. He said, "It's only a little port wine," and descended to the sitting-room. A doctor was sent for, and soon arrived. He found his Lordship walking up and down in the room, and was just in time to prevent him from cutting his throat with a knife. The Viscount continued to walk up and down the room, until at last he exclaimed, "Oh! how funny I feel!" and became insensible. The stomach-pump was used, but without success; it was found impossible to restore him.

The Outrage in Dublin.—The inquiries which the police have made with a view to bring to light the perpetrator of the brutal outrage upon a lady in the suburbs of Dublin have resulted in the apprehension of a cabdriver named John Curran. He was examined before the magistrates on Saturday last. Very little evidence was brought forward owing to the absence of the lady, who is still suffering from illness. The prisoner had averred that he went to bed at ten o'clock on the night the offence was committed; whereas his mistress (a cabowner) swore that it was not till between eleven and twelve o'clock that he presented himself to her to settle the day's account. A witness, named Agnes Wyle, declared that she was in Sackville-street on the night in question, and that she recognised the prisoner as the driver of the cab in which the lady rode away. She also pointed out Mr. Jolly as the gentleman who accompanied the lady. At this stage of the proceedings the magistrates granted a remand. On Friday week the whole of the cabdrivers of Dublin were passed in review before the lady and her brother in the Lower Castleyard.

Melancholy Accident.—Yesterday week the infant son of a gentleman residing at Plumstead by some means obtained possession of a bottle containing nitrate of silver, and swallowed a portion of its contents. After suffering for some time the child expired.

Another Painful Case of Poisoning by Mistake occurred on the night of Wednesday week in Oxford-street. A respectable tradesman feeling unwell during the night, his wife went to obtain some medicine for him out of a cupboard in the shop. Unfortunately, a bottle containing a poisonous liquid which the man used in his business was kept in the same place, and the poor woman took it instead of the medicine, and administered a dose to her husband. The mistake was not discovered till it was too late. The man died almost immediately, supplying one more to the many accidents we have had of late arising from the culpable carelessness of keeping poisonous mixtures with other articles that are in daily use.

Frightful Occurrence.—Yesterday week a well-dressed man committed suicide at the Stepney Junction railway-station. As one of the down-trains was coming into the station he deliberately flung himself from the platform under the engine, and every carriage of the train went over him. The body was cut to pieces, and it was some time before his remains could be collected. His name was Legou, a native of Germany, and he arrived in England about three weeks since. He was a mechanical draughtsman, and had sought employment at several engineering firms in London without success, and it is surmised that the prospect of starvation led him to commit suicide.

Suicide.—Last Saturday Mr. Thomas Hills, the Coroner for Chatham, held an inquest in that town on the body of Mr. William Merralls, aged thirty-nine, a master carpenter and builder, who committed suicide that morning by hanging himself. The evidence showed that the deceased had been subject to fits of depression and suffered from nervous debility. The jury returned a verdict of "Temporary insanity."

Fatal Gun Accident.—Last Saturday evening a Mr. Grisbrook had been out shooting with a double-barrelled gun, and rode home to his residence, near Blackheath, in a vehicle, with the weapon fully loaded. Whilst alighting from the carriage the gun went off, and the deceased was shot under his arm, causing instant death.

Shipwreck in the Bristol Channel.—Whilst Mr. Thomas Carey, pilot No. 33, and his crew, were cruising below Lundy on Tuesday week, they observed a barque in distress, and on boarding her they found her to be the Alert, James, of and from Newport, for the Mediterranean, with coals. The vessel was in a sinking state, having become leaky through the strong weather. The crew consisted of twelve persons and the wife of the second officer, all of whom Mr. Carey and crew succeeded in getting on board the skiff, notwithstanding the sea was on with thick haze. The Alert went down shortly after the last person was rescued, and Mr. Carey conveyed the whole thirteen to Cardiff safe.

Distressing Accident at Bude, Cornwall.—On the night of Wednesday week the smack John Booth, from Pothcawl, while attempting to enter Bude harbour, in a heavy ground sea, was driven ashore, and soon became a total wreck. By means of a rocket life-saving apparatus her crew of two men were saved by being drawn up the high cliffs. A poor coastguardman named Danger, while subsequently engaged in protecting the life-saving apparatus and the wrecked property, slipped off the high cliffs and was killed.

A Man Buried Alive.—On Thursday week a fatal accident occurred to a man named Jonathan Colyer in a brickfield at Lewisham. The deceased and several other men were engaged in digging earth for the purpose of brickmaking, when a large quantity of the soil gave way and fell in upon them, the deceased being completely buried beneath an immense weight. The workmen immediately set to work to extricate the unfortunate man, but when he was reached life was quite extinct.

A Shocking Accident occurred last Saturday on the South-Western Railway. A cattle-dealer was incautious enough to put his head so far out of one of the trucks that it came in contact with an abutment of one of the bridges, and as the train was going full speed at the time he was knocked over into the adjoining truck: his skull was fractured in several places, and he was so severely injured that, though he was brought up breathing to one of the hospitals, his recovery was from the first hopeless.

The Murder at Bilston.—The Coroner's investigation of the Bilston tragedy was brought to a close yesterday week, the jury returning a verdict of "Wilful murder" against four out of the seven men in custody, namely, Jones, Brandrick, Maddocks, and Jukes. The examination before the magistrates took place the same day, when, in addition to the persons mentioned above, the magistrates committed Thomas Lilley, Hezekiah Webb, and Samuel Bills, for trial for the wilful murder of Mr. Bagott. In the course of the proceedings Matthews stated that he was innocent, that Brandrick committed the murder, and that Jones was in the room at the time.

Fourteen Horses Destroyed by Fire at Woolwich.—On Monday night, at eleven o'clock, a fire broke out in some timber built stables at Woolwich Common, in the occupation of Mr. George Myers, contractor, of Lambeth, which resulted in the total destruction of the premises and fourteen valuable horses, the property of the firm named, two men being also severely injured.

Lieutenant-General Sir Hope Grant, G.C.B., will leave England to assume the command of the Madras Presidency on the 20th of next month.

The Church-rate War.—The committee of laymen who have undertaken to lead the pro church-rate party are in difficulties. In an advertisement which appears in the *Record* of last week, it is stated that the committee are in arrear to their treasurer to the amount of £163 18s. 6d. They call for the payment of this sum, and "for an adequate supply for prospective expenditure." "It cannot be," they add, "that those who labour in this work will have to bear their own charges." Well, it certainly ought not to be, but it seems to prove that Churchmen care very little for the miserable supremacy which this imposition gives to them.

THE INTERVENTION IN MEXICO.

Mexican affairs once more attract European attention, but this time apparently with a view to decidedly practical measures. Tired of complaining when there was no Government that cared to hear, or of seeking redress from people who, if they agreed to grant it, were perhaps utterly incapable of exercising any efficient control over the wrongdoers, the Governments of England, France, and Spain, are about to intervene in the affairs of Mexico. We wish we could see clear promise of good from this movement; but we cannot. In what capacity are we to go—as pleaders from the cannon's mouth for honesty in the payment of debts? Surely not; for in that case Spain herself ought to be the first to be brought to the bar of international justice by the police of England and France. She is of the worst class of debtors—those who can pay and won't. Well, then, what is it we are about to do? Unfortunately, there is no definite answer forthcoming from any quarter. All we know is, that we are going to collect the shipping dues of Mexico, and divide them in fitting proportions among the English sufferers and the French sufferers, and hand the rest over to the Mexicans themselves—if we can find any Government that we consider sufficiently constituted to be legitimately dealt with. But no one seems to have asked how this kind of intervention will affect the people of Mexico. Will it not aggravate their every

MEXICAN GUERRILLAS.

difficulty by stopping the trade even of such a Government as does exist? Surely a more dignified intervention than this might be carried out by two such Powers, whose very strength should suggest thoughtfulness and generosity to inferior ones. But are they agreed among themselves as to how far the intervention shall go? We doubt it very much. Then as to Spain, is it not evident that she meditates something of far greater importance than collecting mere shipping dues to compensate certain of her wronged subjects? She is evidently dreaming once more of colonies and conquests, and is perfectly unscrupulous in trying to realise them. Look at her conduct with regard to St. Domingo, which she has just obtained under false pretences; and to Hayti, which she has been threatening because the country is naturally alarmed for its independence when it sees such a neighbour at hand. Our only hope is that Earl Russell will remember that in obtaining justice for England he must take every possible care to prevent injustice to the great bulk of the Mexicans, who have had no part in the wrong done to our people—who do not even know, perhaps, that any such acts have been perpetrated.

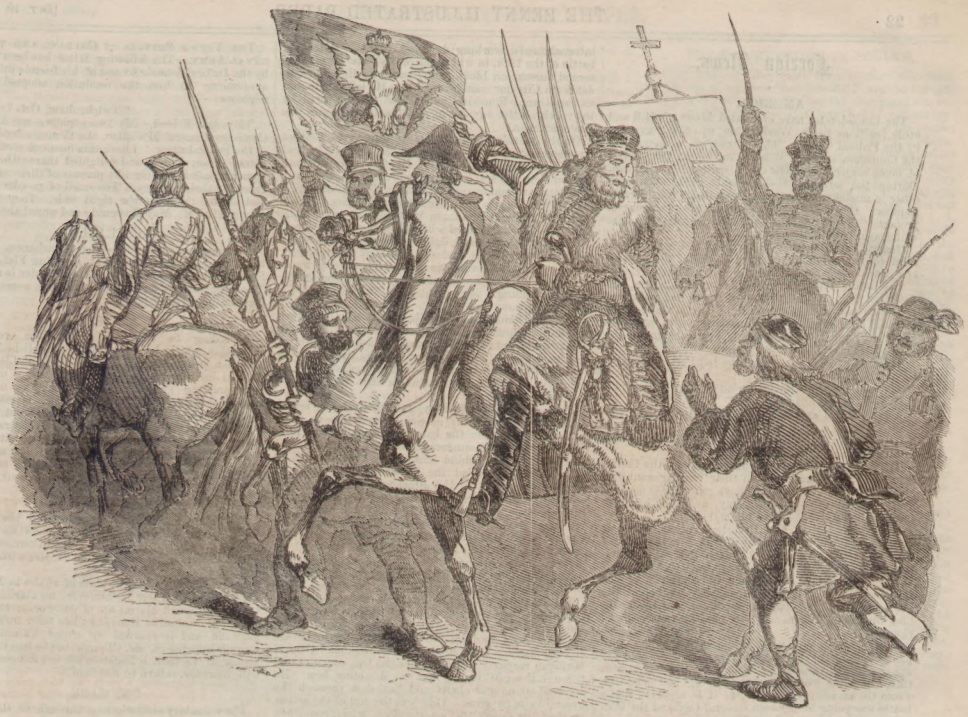
There is another reason why we should move with great care. The Mexicans dislike all foreigners, and will be very apt to make a slaughtering onset upon them as soon as they hear of the blockade of their ports and the seizure of the funds accruing from them. And, lastly, the very reason that makes Spain so anxious to make political hay while the sun shines—the pre-occupation of the United States in their war—is anything but a reason why a higher-principled Government should allow itself to be drawn into the same policy. If those States succeed in reuniting themselves they will be infinitely more powerful than they have ever been, and they will make any foreign nation bitterly rue the day they interfered with what they know to be—and have long recognised as being—the policy of the American Government. All these reasons may not go to prove intervention itself wrong or unadvisable; for certainly Mexico is making herself a nuisance, which must be abated; but they may illustrate the difficulties of the task and the necessity for some clear understanding among the belligerent Powers.

And what will the Mexicans themselves do?—these gentlemen (see Engraving), who form a large class of the population; these guerrillas (see Engraving), who seem to make war the normal condition of things; or these priests, who, if report be not unjust to them, are mainly instrumental in perpetuating the discord of the land. Will they turn still more fiercely against each other when the foreign ships take anchorage? Or will they for once, in a kind of patriotism, make common cause against the intruder and fight him? Or will they have the sense to determine once for all who shall govern them, and empower the men thus selected to make the best possible terms with the blockading squadron? The last, which is the most to be desired, is, we fear, the least likely thing to happen.

Since writing these remarks we find it stated that France and Spain are going into the interior. Intervention, then, of the worst kind is meditated—the intervention that under pretences of justice and necessity means conquest.

MEXICAN GENTLEMEN.

MEXICAN HEAD MULETEER AND MAN.



POLISH INSURGENTS.

THE CITY OF POSEN, POLAND.

Foreign News.

AMERICA.

The Confederates have evacuated Munson's Hill and other positions before Washington, which are occupied by the Federal troops. This retrograde movement of the Confederates from Washington forms the subject of much conjecture; their exact position is not known. During the advance the Federals fired upon each other in mistake, killing and wounding a considerable number; they have also destroyed a large amount of property. It is reported that the Confederates have withdrawn behind Manassas.

General Anderson has telegraphed to Cincinnati for reinforcements, having received advice of the advance of a considerable Confederate force into Kentucky.

The latest reports received from Lexington, via Jefferson City, state that General Price had evacuated the place and gone southward, to join M'Culloch, intending, after effecting this junction, to give battle to General Fremont. Lexington is now occupied by the Federal troops under Major Sturges.

Thirteen Federal schooners have left Fortress Monroe for Hatteras.

The Confederate batteries seriously impede the navigation of the Potomac.

A large naval expedition has been fitted out at New York.

The New York banks have taken up the second fifty million dollars of the Federal loan.

The Cherokee Indians had agreed to join the Confederates on the condition that their regular annuities should be paid. The Creeks have raised 1000 men for service in the Confederate army, and the Cherokees have formed a Home Guard of 1200 strong.

It is stated that Mr. Beverley Tucker, who was American Consul in Liverpool during Mr. Buchanan's presidency, has been arrested by the Federal authorities. Mr. Tucker's Secessional propensities were manifested in Liverpool soon after the outbreak of the movement, and it is understood that he used all the influence which he could bring to bear in Liverpool, and in England generally, to promote the Southern cause.

A report from Western Virginia says that ten companies of Kentucky, Ohio, and Virginia troops, on a day not specified, attacked and routed the Confederates at Chapmansville, killing ten and taking 200 prisoners. From the same unreliable source it is reported that a battle was going on between General Cox and the Confederate Generals Floyd and Wise.

The Richmond papers say that 250 Federal prisoners were sent to New Orleans on the 24th ult.

General Sharman supersedes General Anderson in Kentucky.

General Buckner is said to be advancing further into Kentucky, and collecting arms on the way.

The Federal chartered gun-boat Fanny has been captured inside Hatteras, near Roanoke Island.

Several vessels are loading ammunition at Havannah for the Confederates.

General Wool, who appears to have been superseded at Fort Monroe by General Mansfield, has arrived at Washington for the purpose of consulting the Federal Cabinet. It is reported that he will proceed on a tour of inspection through the western department.

General Reynolds reports to the War Department that he had a successful engagement with the Confederates during a reconnaissance at Cheat Mountain. A large number of Confederates were killed, and many horses and cattle were captured by the Federals.

The Richmond hospitals are reported to contain over 12,000 patients. Southern parties confirm this report.

The Confederates have abandoned Ship Island.

General M'Clellan has issued an order according to which the penalty of death will be inflicted on all soldiers committing depredations.

The Federal Government has chartered all the Vanderbilt steamers. They are now being fitted out at New York as transports.

THE BATTLE OF LEXINGTON.

Mr. Alfred Tenny, a non-commissioned officer who fought on the Federal side in the battle of Lexington, sends a graphic narrative of the "siege" to the *Chicago Post*, from which we extract the following. Colonel Mulligan's force he estimates at 2700 men.

On the 12th of September (Thursday), while we were still at work on the intrenchments, our pickets were driven in. Colonel Mulligan immediately sent out four companies to entertain the enemy. The enemy's advance guard, about 5000 strong, were discovered in a cornfield on the top of the bluff near Old Town. We immediately fired upon them six volleys in rapid succession, killing about 600 of them before they could form in line. We lost in this part of the battle eight killed and fifteen wounded. We retreated into our intrenchments, followed by the enemy, who brought up six pieces of cannon and commenced playing on the college building, where our ammunition and all our provisions were stored. We replied with all five of our guns, giving them round-shot and shell to their hearts' content. The cannonading commenced about three p.m., and was kept up until dark. We used up all our shells before dark. We silenced one of their guns by knocking it to pieces, and killed, as we learnt afterwards, about seventy-five of their men. We sustained no injury at all, except in the using up our ammunition. The action ceased at dark. The enemy did not recommence the battle next day, for the reason that his reserve forces had not yet come up. We took advantage of the interim to continue to work on our intrenchments, working day and night. After the battle of the 12th, in which the rebels were repulsed, a second messenger, Lieutenant Ryan, was dispatched to Jefferson City for reinforcements. He left Lexington on the steamer Sunshine, which boat was captured by the rebels on the way down, and Lieutenant Ryan was made prisoner.

On the morning of the 17th we discovered that we were completely surrounded by the enemy, who had cut us off from the river entirely. His force was six times greater than when the battle commenced on the 12th. The battle recommenced at eight o'clock precisely, a signal gun being fired from General Price's headquarters at the Courthouse in the new town. The firing then recommenced with artillery on both sides.

The enemy continued fighting from the 17th to the 20th inclusive, night and day, without interruption. During this whole time we were without any water except about twenty barrels in cisterns around the college building. Most of this we had to keep for hospital purposes.

The rebels aimed most of their shots at the college building, supposing our magazine to be there. It was at first; but after the engagement of the 12th we had removed it to a safer place. During the nights we continued to throw red-hot shot at each other; during the days the battle was continued with both cannon and musketry.

During the 17th (Tuesday) and the 18th the rebels made very poor progress, getting no nearer to us than we found them when the battle began. On the 19th (Thursday) they commenced erecting breastworks of hemp-bales, from behind which they continued their fire, while they rolled the breastworks towards us. About three o'clock in the afternoon of that day they charged over the intrenchments upon Colonel Peabody's Home Guards, and planted their flag upon the top of our breastworks. The Irish Brigade were ordered to leave their position on the opposite side, to retake the ground which Colonel Peabody had lost. We fired on the run and continued at double quick. The rebels scattered and fled like a flock of sheep, but left the top of the intrenchments covered with their dead. We killed about 500 or 600 in this single charge, and captured their flag. We lost about 30 killed and wounded. They had no bayonets, and most of their weapons were shot-guns, and we did not give them time to make use of even these. They fired only at random. Colonel Mulligan received a buckshot in the leg, which passed through the calf, laming but not disabling him. He received six or seven balls and buckshot through the green blouse he wore. This was the end of the action on that day, except the cannonading, which continued throughout the night.

On the 20th the engagement continued, with musketry firing at intervals. We fired hot shot into their hemp-bale breastworks, hoping to set them on fire, but we found they were saturated with water, for which purpose they were dipped in the river. They came up in force to the top of the hill, when the brigade left the intrenchments, together with company A of Colonel Marshall's cavalry, and charged upon them, driving them down the hill with great slaughter. In this charge the cavalry company was entirely destroyed, both men and horses being killed. Colonel Marshall himself was in the college building with the Home Guards. The charge, like the one of the day previous, was led by Colonel Mulligan in person. The brigade lost in this charge about sixty killed and wounded. The cavalry company received the whole contents of the enemy's battery of six pieces, which swept them entirely out of existence. But we drove the rebels from their battery, and spiked their guns, not being able to take them from the field.

On the 20th (Friday) they brought up more cannon to their hemp-bale battery on the hill. Between ten and two o'clock we made three charges upon this battery. We were led by Colonel White, of the Missouri 8th, Colonel Mulligan being scarcely able to walk. Colonel White and his men fought bravely during the whole battle. Colonel White is one of the bravest of men. Colonel Mulligan relied more upon him than upon any other officer of his command. In the last charge upon the rebel battery, about three o'clock on Friday afternoon, he was shot through the lungs, and died on Saturday morning.

Six different times during the siege the rebels were allowed to approach the intrenchments on the side next the city to the edge of the ditch. When a regiment had got sufficiently near, our boys inside would explode a mine, sending them up into the air and hurling them promiscuously in every direction, slaughtering them by hundreds. Six mines were thus exploded under their feet, and they evidently began to regard that side of the intrenchments as a dangerous locality.

On Friday afternoon Captain Graham, of the Home Guards, put up the flag of truce, and the whole force of Home Guards left the trenches, refusing to continue the fight.

We were out of water and out of ammunition; three of our cannon had been silent the day before for want of shot; our men had only six rounds of ball left. The reinforcements we had expected had not arrived, and we had reason to believe they had been cut off. It was evident we could not hold out much longer.

When the firing ceased the rebels sent in a flag from their battery, and Colonel Mulligan sent Major Moore to Price's head-quarters. Price came up in person and received the surrender. A day or two previously Price had sent a flag of truce to us, and offered if we would surrender to permit us to march out with our arms, but Colonel Mulligan promptly refused the overture.

The statement that Colonel Mulligan challenged Price to a fair fight, four to one, is false.

THE YOUNG PRINCES OF ORLEANS AND THE FEDERAL ARMY.

—The following letter has been written by the Duke d'Aumale to one of his friends in France, announcing to him the resolution adopted by his nephews:—

"Twickenham, Oct. 7, 1861.

"My dear Friend,—My two nephews are Aides-de-Camp to General M'Clellan, the Commander-in-Chief of the Federal army. I have this moment received the news. I am moved and delighted therewith. These young people are acting like persons of their age, their race, and their country. The smell of powder attracts and draws them to the right side. They are fine young fellows. May God guide and guard them."

AUSTRALIA.

MELBOURNE, Aug. 26.—The disturbances between the Europeans and Chinese at Lambing Flat, in New South Wales, have terminated, and order is restored. The preparations for further military operations in New Zealand are suspended.

AUSTRIA.

According to the new regulations respecting marriages which have just been established in the Austrian army, officers up to the grade of Lieutenant-Colonel inclusively, and civil functionaries up to the corresponding grade, must on marrying deposit a caution-money of 12,000 florins, instead of 6000. The officers of the staff are not on any account to marry before they attain the age of thirty. Officers of other corps marrying before that age must deposit caution-money to the extent of 24,000 florins. The new regulations, like the old, declare that the number of married officers in any corps must not exceed one-sixth of the whole.

CHINA.

According to the latest news received the death of the Emperor of China is confirmed. The state of things in China remains unchanged. Pekin continues tranquil. Prince Kong governs the empire with the title of Regent.

CANTON, Aug. 28.—The state of affairs in Japan has not improved. There is, however, no alarming event to note, although alarms are of daily occurrence. The British Consulate at Kanagawa has been turned into a stockade, and is guarded by armed Yacunins. The wounds inflicted on Mr. Oliphant in the late murderous attack on the British Legation are not dangerous. He will, however, return to England.

DENMARK.

The voluntary subscriptions throughout the Fatherland for the creation of a German fleet causes some apprehension in Denmark. Of course the idea of Prussia rivalling any of the great maritime powers is ridiculous, but it does not seem so illusory an affair if the object be simply to cope with that of Denmark, and that this is the real object the Copenhagen Government is convinced of. According to the *Dagbladet*, it has therefore been re-olved to, at once, and on a large scale, to reconstruct the Danish fleet.

FRANCE.

The King of Holland arrived at Compiègne at 5.30 p.m. on Saturday last, and was received by the Emperor at the terminus. The Empress awaited their Majesties at the foot of the grand staircase.

Prince Napoleon and the Princess Clothilde arrived on the evening of the 7th, at Brest, from their visit to New York. They left Boston in the Jerome Napoleon yacht, and accomplished the voyage in nine days and a half.

The *Moniteur* publishes a decree, according to which all cargoes of grain, flour, rice, potatoes, and dry vegetables are exempted until September, 1862, from interior navigation dues collected for the State on rivers or canals not conceded to public companies. By the same decree foreign vessels will enjoy the same privileges as French ships.

The *Moniteur* also publishes a decree appointing Rear-Admiral Jurien Lagraviere to the command of the naval division which France will send to Mexico, and nominating the commanders of five ships of the expedition.

It is stated that the Chambers of Commerce of Lyons, Rouen, Mulhouse, and other manufacturing places in France the trade of which with the United States has been prostrated by the civil war, have addressed memorials to the Imperial Government, urging an immediate recognition of the Confederate States, and the raising of the blockade.

The *Revue de Beaune* says:—"The vintage has never been favoured by more delightful weather here than this year. The grapes are generally ripe, and in most excellent condition. Burgundy has a right to be proud of her productions, and the crop this year will be an exceptional one for quality, although the quantity is deficient."

A terrible calamity is reported from the department of the Gard. In consequence of a severe storm, a mine at Lille became flooded, so that the sides collapsed, and 117 men were buried alive At the date of the last despatch energetic efforts were in progress to rescue these unfortunate persons.

A pamphlet, "L'Empereur Napoleon et le Roi Guillaume," has made a great noise. It claims the Rhine frontier, and contains a letter purporting to have been addressed by the Emperor to the King of Prussia after the Baden interview. The *Moniteur*, however, says:—"The letter contained in a recent pamphlet, and alleged to have been addressed by the Emperor Napoleon to the King of Prussia, is a pure invention;" and the semi-official Prussian *Gazette* says:—"The assurance is

hardly needed that the letter from the Emperor of the French to the King of Prussia, contained in the pamphlet recently published in Paris, entitled 'L'Empereur et le Roi Guillaume,' is apocryphal."

The *Débats* contains a letter which is considered to be an official explanation of the step taken by the Comte de Paris and the Duc de Chartres in entering the Federal ranks. It states that these Princes had originally no intention of enlisting in the Federal army, but the martial spirit by which they found themselves surrounded, and their belief in the goodness of the cause, impelled them to become actors in the great events which were preparing, and which, says the Orleanist journal, may afford to the young Princes the opportunity of enrolling themselves in the glorious list of their countrymen who shed their blood for American independence, wherein shine the names of Rochambeau, Dumas, Segur, and Lafayette.

A Paris letter in the *Journal de Rouen* says:—"The Emperor signed at Compiègne the decree allowing 200,000f. to Marshal de M'Mahon for the expenses of his mission to Königsberg.

A decree of the Prefect of Police has just been posted in Paris forbidding the practice of flying paper kites within the limits of the town, on the ground that they interfere with the working of the electric telegraphs.

ITALY.

The King of Italy has decreed that all Italians who, dying, have deserved well of their country, are to receive the honour of burial beneath the Holy Cross of Florence.

The rumoured departure of Garibaldi from Caprera has been denied.

The King has signed the decrees relative to the administrative organisation of the kingdom.

General Della Marmora has accepted the command of the Southern Army of Italy, and it is to be presumed that Cialdini has retired from it. The latter has been presented with a sword by the Naples Chamber of Commerce for "re-establishing public security" in the south. The appointment of Della Marmora can hardly fail to be popular. He has won himself a name in Italy, not more for soldierly qualities than for prudence and sagacity.

The autograph letter of the King of Siam to the Pope, which has just been presented to his Holiness in a golden vase, was written in the Siamese language, but there is a postscriptum in English, in which the King apologises for not writing in Italian or Latin, on the ground of his utter ignorance of those languages; he would have written the whole letter in English had time allowed, but he composes very slowly in that language, and could not keep the boat waiting long enough. The Ambassadors continued to smoke till they got as far as the Pope's antechamber, and after the audience they began smoking again as they went down the stairs of the Vatican.

PORTUGAL.

A Royal decree has been issued opening the ports for the admission of foreign grain until April, 1862.

The King is making a tour through the provinces.

The vintage has now been completed throughout Portugal, and the quantity of wine is much larger than last year.

PRUSSIA.

The Crown Prince and Princess of Prussia visited Lord Clarendon and family yesterday week at the Royal Hotel, Berlin.

The King and Queen of Prussia arrived at the gates of Königsberg at twelve o'clock on Monday, and were received by the Royal Princes, the Generals, the Presidents, and the civic authorities. The King was on horseback, surrounded by the Princes of the Royal house. The Queen rode in a State carriage drawn by eight horses. Their Majesties were cheered by the crowds on their way through the streets. Their passage through the Brandenburg gate was announced by a discharge of cannon and the ringing of bells. The procession proceeded through the lines formed by the corporations, guilds, and companies, the people continually cheering, and the crowds being everywhere very great. All the houses were richly decorated, and were filled with spectators to the roofs. At the castle their Majesties were received by the Princesses of the Royal House and the body of the officers and clergy.

The weather has been very fine, and the number of strangers who have arrived in the city is enormous.

The King received the civil and military authorities at the Royal Castle at 3.15 p.m., after his solemn entry into the city. His Majesty expressed to them his thanks, and said that he was full of confidence in the future development of all interests under the free action of all classes of the people.

Duke Ernest of Saxe Coburg Gotha, is, we hear, appointed Field Marshal in the Prussian army on the occasion of the coronation festivities. This is a dignity very rarely conferred in this country, and the present instance will afford all the greater satisfaction as the princely recipient has but recently declared himself an avowed Liberal, and even Democrat. He is the elder brother of Prince Albert.

RUSSIA.

A proclamation published at Warsaw on Monday declares the kingdom of Poland to be in a state of siege. The military have pitched their tents in the public squares and places of Warsaw. The wearing of mourning or mourning insignia is prohibited.

Fresh manifestations were announced to have taken place on the 15th in memory of the battle of Maciewice, in which the Poles, led by Kosciusko, fought against the Russians. The party which has organised the meeting at Haradla for the 15th is making every effort to ensure the success of the manifestation intended to be made on that occasion.

Great activity prevailed in the port of Cronstadt a short time ago. A squadron composed of corvettes, clippers, and other small vessels, was being fitted out to sail for the Russian colonies in the Pacific, under the orders of Rear-Admiral Popoff, one of the most brilliant heroes of Sebastopol. The Ilia-Mourometz, a frigate, which formed part of the squadron sent to Syria, had arrived in the roadstead. No official report having been received for a long time of the frigate Svetland, Captain Boutakoff, which ought to have arrived from the Pacific, anxiety was felt about her. The last date at which she was heard of was June 20. A fine new frigate, the Demitri Donskoi, had been launched in the New Admiralty dockyard. She is built of oak, on the model of the Grand Admiral, one of the largest frigates constructed in the United States, and which was greatly admired by the English and French sailors at Beyrout. The length of the new vessel is 270ft., and her width 51. Before the middle of October navigation is considered to be closed, as the thick fogs which are then sure to prevail render access to the Gulf of Finland more difficult than ever.

A letter from St. Petersburgh, dated the 6th, says:—"I learn, to my astonishment, that the University of St. Petersburg has been closed. Admiral Count Putiatin received the professors to-day for the first time since his appointment, and spoke to them of the necessity of suppressing a movement on the part of the students which the professors think ought to be, not suppressed, but directed. After a very unsatisfactory interview the Minister of Instruction declared that the lectures must be discontinued, and for the present, and until an indefinite period, no more classes will be held at the chief educational establishment of Russia. This step is looked upon as the beginning of a great reaction, and has already caused immense excitement." The young students are, it appears, too liberal for the Government.

SPAIN.

The city of Gerona, in the province of Catalonia, has been visited by great inundations, whereby immense damage was done to property.

The Madrid journals state that the Moorish Prince Muley-el-Abbas had assembled all the members of his Legation and made them join him in offering up prayers for the recovery of the Infanta Donna Concepcion. They add that this act gave great pleasure to the Queen, and did honour to the Prince.

The Government of Peru has protested against the annexation of St. Domingo by Spain. The Spanish Cabinet is accused by the Peruvian authorities of creating and encouraging disorders in most of the States of South America.

Accounts from Havannah state that the strongest part of the Spanish expedition against Mexico will be dispatched thence. The preparations are carried forward with the "greatest activity," the service is very popular with all classes in Cuba, and the Spanish Admiral hopes to disembark his forces at Vera Cruz in November. A letter from Paris states that two powerful French steamers have been ordered to be ready to proceed to the Gulf of Mexico within ten days.

TURKEY.

Constantinople, Oct. 10.—The conferences on the union of the Danubian Principalities are suspended, and the representatives of the European Powers have asked for instructions from their Governments. The Servian Envoy left Constantinople, having failed in his negotiations with the Porte.

Fresh reinforcements are sent to Omer Pacha. It is rumoured that Mehemet Ali will definitively become Seraskier, and his son Ethem Capitan Pacha. Riza Pacha, at Constantinople, is suffering from quinsy. Mehemet Kiprisli Pacha has set out for his pachalic.

The Sultan has ordered the reorganisation of the Imperial Guard, which is to consist of 25,000 men.

MONTENEGRO.

Trieste, Oct. 14.—Letters from Ragusa announce that the insurgents from Zubzi, together with some Montenegrin volunteers, had attacked Cincevo and Bioro, but withdrew after a hard fight of three hours.

The official *Dresden Journal* of Oct. 14 publishes a letter from Turin asserting that General Microslawski had been summoned to Genoa to organise an expedition destined for Montenegro, and also to excite insurrection in the Slavonian provinces of Turkey. According to the same letter this expedition would afterwards revolutionise the Austro-Danubian provinces, and would proceed as far as Galicia. It is likewise asserted that the Governments of Servia, Montenegro, and the Danubian Principalities concur with General Microlawski on this project.

Omar Pacha finds himself in a very difficult position with respect to the war on the Montenegrins. The whole of the Black Mountain is, so to speak, bristling with arms, the neighbouring Turkish provinces are disaffected, and Servia is only awaiting the favourable moment to attack the troops of the Porte. Besides, the Turkish soldiers are deserting in large numbers—the irregulars almost en masse. For these reasons the Turkish General does not venture to attack the Montenegrins, notwithstanding orders from Constantinople. In the meantime the warlike mountaineers are almost daily gaining petty victories with much bloodshed.

M. Lamartine writes from his farm to the Paris papers to say that he rises at two in the morning, and works at his desk until eight, on the new edition of his writings. The forenoon he gives to his vineyard and farm, and returns again to his pen.

THE INSURRECTION IN POLAND.

If there was one thing more than another concerning the likings of subjects that despotic Monarchs thought they might safely outrage when the sentiment was opposed to their own interest it was that of nationality; and now we are all discovering that that is the precise thing which outlives nearly every other political phenomenon, and is the most sure to be avenged in the end for any wrong done to it. Austria is at this moment paying the penalty for her misdeeds against the nationality of Hungary; and while, with eager and anxious eye, we watch the close of that catastrophe, Poland cries out in tones of anguish, "And I, too, live and suffer! I, too, demand to be reinstated in my own!" Even while we write it is said that the growing excitements of the last few months have reached their culmination, and that the people of Czeladz are in insurrection. If it be so, we can only say—Let them have the good wishes of every Englishman. It is for themselves only to determine the right moment for such a conflict, as it is they who must pay the dread penalty for failure. The internal condition of Russia is favourable for the Polish struggle. Standing between the aristocracy and the millions of serfs, or of those who were serfs, the Emperor Alexander has a difficult part to play. It is one of the saddest of incidents this struggle of an oppressed nation against the man who is freeing from still worse oppression many millions of his own subjects. But what can Poland do but rise when it has the chance or thinks it has? Should she succeed we shall have another nation added to the list of the free, as well as another barrier against Muscovite ambition. If only we could reckon among our alliances a free Italy, a free Hungary, and a free Poland, as we have already a free Switzerland, a free Belgium, and a free Norway, we should be sure the days of holy alliances were gone; and that ere long France, Germany, nay, even Russia itself, would have to resign their despotic tendencies, and take their rightful positions as the true leaders of civilisation on the Continent. The excitement appears from the latest news to be extending over Poland. In Posen (see Engraving) and other parts of Prussian Poland, the people have refused to share *as Prussians* in the coronation of the King. It is in Russian Poland that the insurrection is said to have broken out. Warsaw is declared in a state of siege. And already, perhaps, along the highways are the people gathering in array, with the old courage and devotion, such as they were in their last war: a Sketch from which we give.

BIVOUAC OF THE VOLUNTEERS.

On Monday a detachment of the Honourable Artillary Company, which is the oldest regiment in England, and of which the Prince Consort is Colonel, left their head-quarters, Finsbury, for a march out to Shirley Common, near Croydon. The detachment consisted of four companies of infantry and three guns, numbering in all about 250 men, under Major Robinson.

On arriving at Shirley a sham-fight took place. The firing of the artillery guns, ably commanded by Lieutenant Dawes, was wonderfully well sustained. It is no mere compliment to say it was nearly equal to that of regulars. After the repulse and defeat of the enemy, represented by about forty men, under Captain Potts, the troops piled arms and bivouacked, and in a short time the camp fires were blazing, and cooking in progress, with a vigour and appetising odour perfectly charming after the long march and skirmishes. We had the pleasure of tasting some of the roasts and stews prepared on this occasion, and sincerely trust that worse may never be our portion, an opinion apparently perfectly shared by those of the spectators kindly invited by these amateur Soyers to partake of their hospitality. The infantry returned to town by train, the guns by road. A similar detachment of this regiment some time since marched to Mill Hill, Hendon, and bivouacked, of which event we give a Sketch.

THE COMMISSIONNAIRE.

Gentle reader,—allow us for once to address you in the style of a writer of romance,—Gentle reader, if you happen to be in want of a messenger in the streets of London who is intelligent enough to understand you even in delicate or difficult matters, who is honest enough to be intrusted to take your money to the bank or to fetch it thence, who is sure to be at once attentive and courteous, and who, with all these qualifications, will expect to be paid only a reasonable price for his services—if you want such a person, don't forget the very English person with a most un-English title, the commissionnaire. He has in all probability bled for you: be glad, then, to bleed for him in a more harmless fashion. You know, we presume, how he was appointed: that he is one of a staff formed by Captain Walker from pensioners in the Army and Navy who can prove good characters, and are fitted for the end in view—the service of the public as messengers. Men who have been seriously injured, as by the amputation of an arm, without being incapacitated, enjoy a preference. There are now from one to two hundred men thus employed, who wear uniforms, are permitted to receive salaries varying from 14s. to 20s. a week, and are under a kind of semi-military government, conducted in accordance with a detailed routine. Every member must contribute to a savings bank; and in this and in numerous other matters, such as rewards for good conduct, &c., his welfare is promoted by the organisation to which he belongs.

VOLUNTEERS BIVOUACKING.

THE COMMISSIONNAIRES: THE ROLL CALL.

"SINPI SMITH, THE GIPSY."

Gipsy Experiences.

BY A ROUMANY REI.

CHAPTER I.—MY FIRST GIPSY LESSON.

Two words of explanation before entering upon these experiences. I am not Mr. Borrow. I have not the pleasure of knowing that remarkable agent of the Bible Society. It is, perhaps, unnecessary to say that I once had pointed out to me at a club-table, next to that at which I was dining, a gentleman in black, like a colossal clergyman, with a very white head, and two very black eyes (I do not mean blackened eyes), who I was told was Mr. Borrow. This is all I ever saw of the redoubtable adversary of *Blazing Bosville*. My own experiences of gipsy life are confined to this country. They profess to be and are, real experiences. My gipsies are genuine. My gipsy women are not the gipsy women of the theatre; they do not wear short red petticoats, worked at the bottom with black cabalistic signs, still less silk stockings or antique sandals on their feet, or turbans on their heads; nor are they called "Zarah," or "Zillah." My gipsy men never, by any accident, swathe their legs in linen bandages, cross-gartered with red worsted lace; the nearest approach they ever make to a brigand's jacket is a vel-

"SUCH IS A TOO FAITHFUL AND FAMILIAR PORTRAIT OF A WOMAN AS SHE APPEARS IN THE WAITING-ROOM.—SEE PAGE 27

veteen shooting-coat, much the worse for wear; and altogether their appearance suggests rather a cross between a debauched gamekeeper and a Staffordshire pot-hawker, than anything like Mr. O. Smith, or Mr. N. T. Hicks, as he appears in "Lo Zingaro."

It is curious, indeed, considering how many gipsies there are still in England, and how much the race has been worked by painters, dramatists, and novelists, to find how untruthfully they have, as a rule, been represented by all these artists. Among our painters there is scarcely one, except Oakley, who has painted these people as they are. In the pictures and drawings of them there is an entire lack of truth, which can be detected at a glance by the *aficionado*, the true lover and student of Roumany life. I cannot remember a single genuine gipsy in a novel, though both Bulwer and Disraeli have tried their hands at the class. And among stage plays, the only one in which I have ever seen the gipsy introduced, with evidence of a real life-like knowledge of the race, is in a version of "Sir Roger de Coverley," once played at the Olympic Theatre.

Mr. Borrow, no doubt, knows the gipsies well, and could describe them perfectly. But his love of effect leads him away. In his wish to impress his reader with a certain mysterious notion of himself, he colours his gipsy pictures (the *form* of which is quite accurate) in a fantastic style, which robs them altogether of the value they would have as studies from life. His English gipsy vocabulary, so far as I have been enabled to compare it with the language actually spoken by the Roumany race, is accurate and trustworthy.

In my native country the real Roumany is unknown. We have "potters," or "muggers," who camp in green lanes, and live by making and repairing small iron and tin wares, much in the gipsy fashion, combining this industry with the manufacture and sale of coarse earthenware and birch brooms at questionably low prices. But I had never seen the thoroughbred "Roumany" till I had arrived at man's estate—at least, till I called myself "a man," being really a freshman at —— College, Cambridge.

I suppose I must have a vagabond drop in my blood, otherwise I cannot account for the strong attraction this people have always had for me from the first time I came across them. If there be a Roumany camp within a mile I wind it. In the country I find "the spirit in my feet" that Shelley sings of, always leading me across commons, and along green lanes, and into wayside woods, and bringing me up within sight of the thin blue smoke curling mysteriously among the green boughs, and within scent of the pleasant pungency of the open-air wood fire. No wonder that I have a tolerably wide acquaintanceship among the race. They see my relish for their company and appreciate it. It is to this that I owe the name by which they have kindly adopted me, of the "Roumany Rei," or "Gipsy Gentleman." I remember as if it was yesterday (though it is now some twelve years ago), not exactly my first sight of a Roumany, but my first lesson in their tongue—which I may tell you, by the way, is a genuine language in that state of mutilation which a language must fall into when transmitted orally only, in the hands of an entirely illiterate people. It is closely connected with the Sanscrit, and proves incontestably to every philologist who has ever seen a vocabulary of it that the Roumany are a North Indian race, whatever may have been their migrations since leaving their original seat, if ever they had one, and have not always been Pariahs and vagabonds. But I have no intention of going into the philology or ethnology of my Roumany friends just now.

I had been sketching all that day, or rather I had been wandering about with a sketchbook in my hand and a water-colour box in my pocket, stopping now and then to make believe to draw, but really enjoying an aimless ramble—away from lectures, and "cram," and private tutor—over the unfenced flats and by the willow-fringed streams, and through the haphazard copses and still green lanes and primitive villages, which makes even fenny Cambridgeshire beautiful, if a man has legs for a good day's walk, and eyes and heart to recognise beauty wherever he finds it, even in its homeliest garb. My ramble had been on the Huntingdon side of Cambridge. It was a bright May-day, and the sun was westering; and, though I had no watch, my appetite told me it was time upon Hall-time. I had set my face Cambridge-wards, and was tumbling along over the tufts of sedgegrass, and ploughing through the fallows, and over the young wheat, taking a line of my own across the country, when I saw a thin spiral of blue smoke creeping up the trunk and under the lower branches of a noble beech, one of an irregular avenue of the same trees that seemed to begin abruptly in the flat I was crossing, and to end as abruptly some half mile further on. As much from curiosity about the trees as the smoke, I turned out of my direction, scrambled through a sort of natural hedge of alder and bramble, and found myself in a still, green road, that begins in the fields and ends in the fields, shirting one farmstead in its way; and therefore, I presume, claiming to be connected with a country road that runs at right angles to it some fields off one of its ends.

It is an old Roman road. You may still see the vestiges of pavement under the grass that covers it. The people about call it "The King's Hedges." If I have among my readers a Cambridge man, fond of cross-country "constitutionals," he will probably recognise the place from my description. But to do this he must be a man of about my own standing, I fancy; for the Inclosure Commissioners have been busy since then, and in that neighbourhood too. Even at that day, I remember, I had come now and then across raw-looking squares of newly broken-up common, with their lank, unpainted rail-fences, looking more like American zigzags than genuine English work, and I had sighed to think of common rights put an end to, and "constitutionals" abridged, on that side of Cambridge.

I came that day upon "The King's Hedges" for the first time; and its strange seclusion riveted me. Under the two broken lines of feathery beech-trees, on whose thin spring-green foliage the slant rays of the afternoon May sun were dancing, ran a low and broken hedge of bramble and alder, close up to which grew the short greensward, the stones of the causeway showing through it here and there, with no wear and tear of traffic on their velvety and irregular faces.

Some twenty yards from the point where I struck the lane were grouped the three tents of a gipsy camp, the rounded end of one towards me, while from the space they encircled rose the thin blue column of wood smoke that had first attracted my attention. A rough but light cart was pitched near the tents, and a rusty, saddle-galled, wall-eyed pony, with a couple of unkempt donkeys, a black-brown and a dun, were hobbling about as well as their foot-ropes would allow them, after the short sweet grass of the hedgeside. I stepped up towards the camp noiselessly, for the foot falls without a sound upon that old sward, and was close upon the tents before a long-backed, bandy-legged, yellow terrier, sleeping with his nose in the wood-ashes, was sufficiently aroused to a sense of his duty to fly at me, with that extra activity of yelping zeal which all functionaries are apt to assume when caught napping.

"*Besh-to-lai, chukel* (lie down, dog)," said a shrill voice from the nearest tent, across the entrance of which hung a patchwork quilt.

I lifted it without ceremony and looked in. Its only occupant was a girl, sitting with her legs doubled under her, Indian fashion, and busied in weaving a small net.

As my shadow darkened the entrance, she let her small hands, every finger bedecked with rude silverrings, fall, with their work, slowly on her knees, and looked up steadily and composedly.

She appeared to me then a woman—but her age, as she afterwards told me, was fifteen. I have seen many beautiful gipsies since then, but I have never seen one so beautiful as Sinfi Currarple (*Anglice*, "Smith"), my acquaintance of "The King's Hedges."

Her features were small, and more Arab than Indian, and with nothing of the Jewish cast that is often seen in gipsy women. Her eye had the veiled fire peculiar to the race, a sort of filmy languor, that blazes up with passion, but which, even while unexcited, exerts still a strange, serpent-like power of latent fascination. Her teeth were small, and white, and sound, as gipsy teeth always are. Her blue-black hair, in two short, shining, plaits, came low across her narrow forehead, and close along her cheeks, sharply marking (if I may be allowed the bull) the triangular oval of the face, by its dark line relieved against the blood-red silk handkerchief which she wore coiffed, hood-fashion, on her head. On each side of her little mouth, and in the centre of her soft, round chin, was a small blue tattoo mark, which heightened the mellow and velvety smoothness of her skin—dusky, but not sallow, and glowing under the sun like the side of a brown Bergamot pear.

She sat so—the beautiful young vagabond!—and looked steadily and calmly at me, without speaking, as the dog, in obedience to her voice, ceased yelping, and nuzzled at her side.

I stooped under the tent, asking, "May I come in?"

"Come in, my rei, and welcome, if your're not afraid to sit by the poor gipsy;" and, untwisting her legs from under her, she rose without aid of her hand, and reaching a piece of carpet from a bundle of bedding that lay rolled up at the back of the tent, spread it for me on the straw, gravely and courteously. "Let me tell your fortune, my pretty gentleman," she began, after a short pause, in the musical, cajoling, jaunty, sing-song of the race; but seeing, I suppose, from my impatient "No—no—nonsense!"—that it was not for this purpose at least I had introduced myself to the tents, she stopped, and began to beg in the true gipsy fashion. "Give the poor gipsy a sixpence, my *rei*." I felt the romance oozing out of me at this cool, cut-and-dry, business-like sponging, and said, "Don't beg, there's a good girl. If you don't ask for anything you may get something; but if you begin to beg again I shall go."

She stopped short at this formidable threat, and, looking at my sketch-book, said, "I know what that is; it's the book you draw things out in. There was a *rei* came and drew us out when we were camped in the Gorschole, near Newmarket, with the tents, and the cart, and the fire, and the *chukel* yonder, and me, and aunt, and uncle, and all of us, as natural as life."

"Will you let me draw you?" I asked.

"Me!" she said, and laughed, and looked archly in my face for the compliment she saw growing there.

"Yes; you are very pretty, and you know it."

"Don't laugh at the poor gipsy, my *rei*," she said, nestling back into the shadow, and coquettishly drawing forward her red hood, till the arch little face glowed again under the warm light reflected from it, while she let the fire gather slowly under the film of her dangerous eyes till I felt uncomfortable. However, I looked into them as little as possible, and drew on as I best might without.

"Oh the *cushgar poshnikes!*" she suddenly exclaimed, as I took, to wipe out a light, a flaming yellow and crimson silk handkerchief—how the deuce I came ever to have bought such a blazing bandanna I can't think, unless it was the gipsy drop in me that I have spoken of before; "Oh the *cushgar poshnikes!*" and she fairly clapped her hands.

"What is the meaning of '*cushgar poshnikes?*'"

"It is *Roumany rokkerpen*—it is Roumany talk, my *rei*, and it means 'pretty handkerchief.'"

"I should like to learn the Roumany talk. Will you teach me?"

She shook her pretty head doubtfully. "I don't know what aunt Athaliah would say."

"Never mind aunt Athaliah. Come, '*cushgar poshnikes*' (I put the words down), and I suppose I must call you '*cushgar*' too? What is 'pretty girl' in your language?

"*Rincne rakli.* And now will you give me the handkerchief, my *rei*?"

"Yes, *rincne rakli*, if you'll ask for it in your language."

"*Pal, del mande the dikko.*"

"That means?"——

"Brother, give me the handkerchief."

"There! What will you do with it? Tell me in your language."

"*Chiv* it *adré* my *churro*" (put it on my head); and, with a rapid movement of her round arms and little fingers, she translated the words by replacing her red hood with my flaunting present. Somehow the vivid orange and crimson made a harmony with the glowing complexion, shining hair, and bright-coloured gown, all mellowed in the warm half-light that filtered through the brown tent. She was a magnificent bit of colour, seen so; and, as a painter, I had a right to admire her, but hardly a right to put my next question.

"What is 'kiss' in your language?"

She gave a quiet little chuckle as she answered "*Tshuma.*"

"Will you *del mande a tshuma* for *cushgar diklo?*" You see I was profiting by my lesson."

She put out her cheek, without the least discomposure. "*Ourli*, my *pal.*"

I am bound to confess that, encouraged by the action, I took for granted that "*ourli*" meant "yes."

"*Kek sofardes na tshuma*," she said very soberly, as I resumed my sketch; and, answering my look, added the interpretation, "No harm in a kiss—it's a Roumany saying, my *rei*."

"And a very good saying too. What is your name?"

"Sinfi Smith; there's Roumany for the name of Smith—*Currarple.*"

"And have you always lived in a tent, Sinfi?"

"Yes; I was born in one—in the great snow. We were snowed up,—I've heard from my *dia* (mother)—for three weeks, under Haslingfield Wood."

"Would you like to live in a house?"

"*Kek! kek!*" (No, no!) she replied, with a peremptory shake of the head. "The *kair's cushgar* for the *keiringro*. (The house is good for the house-dweller.) I've been in a *kair* often, at Cambridge; the stairs make my head swim, and you can't breathe."

"But it must be very choky here in your tent; at night, now, how many of you sleep here?"

"There's me, and consin Florentia, and Morella."

Three of them in a space of six feet by four, and about four feet high!

"Why, you must be suffocated. How do you breathe?"

"It is hot, sometimes; but then we lift up the *koppa* (blanket) over the tent mouth, and let the sweet air take us."

So we went on, she interspersing her conversation with Roumany words, and interpreting them for me at my request, while I t ok them down. I had already filled some four pages of my note-book with the fruits of this pleasant lesson; and I must admit that my sketch did not advance quite as fast as my glossary. I found on her part no reluctance to give me the Roumany words for the objects about; and I may remark, by-the-way, that I have never found any difficulty of this kind among the younger gipsies. The older ones are occasionally more suspicious, and will often pretend that they have no word in their language when they think the knowledge of it likely to be turned against them. Thus, an old gipsy man once gravely assured me that they had no word in their tongue for "thief." The old rogue, I may remark, was convicted of sheepstealing at the Bury Assizes, af er he had solemnly assured me that the name and the practice were alike unknown among the Roumanies.

So our lesson went on for an hour or so. Sinfi was the most patient of instructresses, pursing and torturing her charming mouth in a thousand ways to give me the accurate pronunciations, and racking her pretty head in the vain effort to comprehend my questions about nouns, and verbs, and prepositions. She had not the least notion of grammatical distinctions, and generally used her words (as the Roumanies all do) as roots, without inflection, interspersed with English. Occasionally I could detect an inflection in the concrete of a sentence, and I was careful to note these.

Though there was nothing either political or mysterious in Sinfi's way of talking, there were turns of phrase, every now and then, which agreeably denoted the influence of a free, roving, open-air life; and, above all, there was an utter absence of vulgarity both in the words and the manner of them. On the contrary, the thing that most struck me was the grace of her action in speaking and moving, and the gentle and quiet courtesy with which she brought me what I asked—some water, a support for my sketch-book, and so forth. This gracefulness is to be found in all the Roumanies, and belongs to the East, like their small hands and lithe limbs. I observed now, too, in her, what since I find a universal habit with the race, that she sat like an Oriental woman, her legs folded under her. Indeed, I might have fancied myself in Syria, looking on the slender little body, with its Eastern head-gear, its bright-coloured gown, loose upon the bosom, which was covered by two or three layers of red, and yellow, and green spotted handkerchiefs; the

lower limbs gathered under, and crossed, and the upper part of the figure lying lazily back against the pile of bedding, which, under its covering of a gaudy carpet, might have passed muster for a divan. There was only the *narghileh* wanting; and I grieve, for the effect of my picture, to say that, before our lesson was interrupted, this was supplied in the form of a short black cutty pipe which Sinfi smoked with great relish, declining the cigar I offered her. Cutty pipe, however, and all included, I don't remember that I ever spent a pleasanter hour in my life.

(To be continued.)

The Burden of a Man's Existence;

OR, A LADY'S LUGGAGE.

BY A BACHELOR OF FIFTEEN STONE.

A lover of my species, and especially of the fairer portion of it, I am, nevertheless, single. In youth I was too poor for matrimony: in middle-age I am too fat. I might marry some woman of my size, perhaps, and we should make a pretty pair of turtles—of the kind that do not coo. I had rather not. Youth and beauty for my money; but youth and beauty with what money will not buy—affection. Love towards a man of my bulk is impossible. I can exert no attraction but that of gravitation. The best I could expect, as a suitor, would be to inspire sincere esteem—accompanied by compassionate ridicule. Ugly, ludicrous men—whatever may be their intellectual or moral recommendations—should remain bachelors. Socrates married:—his wife was Xantippe. Gentlemen of my years and circumference had better rest content with celibacy; accept the situation, as the phrase now is.

I feel my exclusion from domestic happiness. It seems hard to be denied the blessings of a home and a pleasant wife. The soul is not deprived of its aspirations by imprisonment in a mountain of flesh. Oppressed with adipose substance, the Man may, nevertheless, throb with the fondest emotion. Yet I can behold a happy pair with feelings untinctured by malicious envy. Such a spectacle I contemplate, not as Milton represents the lost Archangel, surveying the endearments of the first married couple. No, I look upon it rather like the Peri gazing at the gate of Paradise—little as I may appear to resemble a Peri. The sight is a pleasure to me, though a mournful one. And I must say that I do not have that pleasure too often. In this world of annoyances and irritations there are many interferences with domestic bliss. Doctors' bills, wet-nurses, and all that unpleasant sort of thing; hooping-cough, measles, vaccination, teething, schooling-expenses, and the plague of servants, are evils more or less inevitable in married life. But there are some that might be avoided. I wish I could prevent them. It is true that the troubles of wedlock help to reconcile me to my lot. Doomed as I am to an existence of buttonless wristbands and blighted affections; condemned to smooth my own pillow, shake up my own physic, make my own tea, whisper words of encouragement under misfortune as well as I am able with my own ear, and have my joys and my sorrows all to myself, I derive comfort from the reflection that—to invert the saying of Dr. Johnson—if celibacy has few pleasures, matrimony has many pains. Yet I would do anything in my power to diminish those pains. I might do something to that end if married folks would take my advice. If husbands would only be more careful in their conduct, they would remove many, very many, of the sources of conjugal unhappiness. I must, however, say, that observation has convinced me that there certainly are some drawbacks on matrimonial felicity, for which the ladies are responsible—if I may use so strong an expression.

The disinterestedness and self-devotion of the female sex are indubitable; as much so as the fidelity and sagacity of the canine species. No object in the world is so interesting and amiable as woman at the couch of sickness, at the cradle of infancy, or imparting material sustenance to the babe at her bosom, or the first elements of mental nourishment to the child at her knee. Delightful, charming, captivating to behold, is woman gyrating in the mazy dance, or running over the ivory keys—at the piano, or in the polka. Dignified is her attitude in discharging the duties of life, elegant her aspect in contributing to its pleasures. But it cannot be denied that there are some few scenes and situations in which woman does not show to equal advantage—wherein she appears neither as useful nor as ornamental. For example, she does not present a pleasing picture at a railway station, seated by a mountain of trunks, portmanteaus, bandboxes, hampers, baskets, parcels, bundles, and sundries, generally inclusive of an umbrella and a pair of clogs; perhaps, also, of a birdcage and a barrel of oysters, together with a camp-stool and a jar of pickles; whereunto may probably be added a set of fireirons and a goose.

Such is a too faithful and familiar portrait of a woman as she appears in the waiting-room—the time up, the passengers impatient, and the guard rushing in frantically to hurry her to the train just starting.

Woman was formed to be the companion of man, his travelling companion, as well as his ordinary associate. Indeed he cannot have a more pleasant one on a journey, personally considered. What a pity, then, it is that she will, in most cases, so perseveringly endeavour to frustrate the design of Nature by rendering her companionship as his fellow-traveller an infliction and a bore, in entailing on him the plague of that warehouseful of luggage and furniture which she needs must drag about after her wherever she goes! Her smiles, her lively prattle, her beaming looks, are calculated to enliven the journey; but their influence is lost on the unfortunate man who is thinking on the bonnet-box or chest of drawers which he fears has been left behind at the terminus.

The care of bales and packages, the solicitude for cargoes of goods and chattels unnecessarily and inconsiderately imposed upon a husband, is most trying to his temper; and the repetition of this annoyance gradually spoils it, and renders him at last, perhaps, the brute that he is too frequently, and truly, called. The soul of man tends constantly to soar. It is maddening to be arrested in our larklike ascent by the check-string of some mean anxiety: to be dragged down to earth, as it were, by the cord of a clothes-box. Yet, thus worried and fretted, the male partner in the travelling firm is frequently, in addition to his mental burdens, saddled with a workbasket, or a knitting-frame, or a baby, and expected to smuggle a cur under his overcoat into the bargain.

Great, doubtless, is the pleasure of a wife's society on an excursion. Ladies, perhaps, do not know how highly it is prized. They would understand this if they knew what the gratification costs. It costs generally an extra charge for overweight of luggage. It costs a double fare to every cabman or flydriver employed in the course of the journey, besides the endurance of insolence in the greater number of instances. It continually causes loss of time, through arriving too late for coach or train. It involves perpetual wrangles, disputes, and altercations with guards and porters. It often necessitates, at every fresh station, the trouble of getting out of the carriage, at the risk of being left behind, to see that this or that chest or package, stowed away apart, is not carried away by some branch train. Owing to the neglect of this precaution, it occasions the delay of hours, or days, at stations or hotels, for the recovery of the missing article, or, more probably, for the assurance that it has been lost. And all this misery she, who would not injure a worm, inflicts on the man who loves her, but whose love—alas!—is soon lost in his vexation and annoyance. Of course she does not know the pain she gives. She throws her luggage on her husband as a child puts his foot on a beetle. She hears not—I hope, at least, she never hears—the execrations of the sufferer, who is agonising under that *prime forte et dure:* for when a man wishes a nuisance at the duce, his wish, at the moment, cannot but, to a certain extent, relate to the cause of it.

Marriage is often embittered from its very outset by this plague of luggage. The beginning of discord dates from the termination of the wedding-breakfast. I was present at my friend Bradshaw's. I saw the "happy pair" start for the seaside. The vehicle which Bradshaw had provided would not contain the pile of movables which the bride had heaped together to take with her. A small cart had to be loaded for the purpose; and Bradshaw drove off, with the cart following him, amidst the hurrahs of the multitude. I know the Bradshaws quarrelled in their honeymoon; and I believe, in the first quarter of it.

Could no appurtenance be invented for the female traveller analogous to the carpet-bag? Can a lady make no arrangement for managing, on a journey or a visit, as she can with her

A SPANISH BULL FIGHT.

A BULL FIGHT IN SPAIN.

We wonder whether Spanish ladies are at all like English ones in their graceful timidities and tender necessities for help; whether a cow in the solitary field-path, or a bullock in the crowded streets, produces the same terror and helplessness among the beauties of Andalusia as among those of Grosvenor-place? One cannot but ask such questions when one thinks of the juxtaposition in point of time of two such events as the Spanish bull-fights, for which October is a favourite month, and the accident in Chelsea, where from twenty to thirty persons have been injured by the attack of a bull running infuriated through the streets. To answer the question we put one must first satisfy oneself on another point: what is the effect of sanguinary sports upon the hearts and minds of those who witness them? Can they be otherwise than hardening as well as brutalising? We can only say for ourselves that, of all the places in which we should *not* like to see a beautiful maiden, certainly, we should first fix upon the arena of a bull fight. No doubt the scene is picturesque and splendid (see Engraving); and the excitement enough to stir even the most jaded of sensation-hunters. One may further say there is manliness, true courage, great skill, and something like equality of strength in the combatants. Man pits himself against the beast, and does not simply urge on one brute to attack another, as in our old bull-baitings; but when the best is said one cannot but own it is a cruel sport, and must tend to breed up a cruel people—the people, for instance, that could saw an enemy in two, as was once done by Spaniards in the great war with France.

Our Engravings represent the fight and the taking away of the slaughtered bull. The proceedings on such an occasion have been well described in the following verses:—

Oh! 'tis a joyful festival, and brightly beams the sun
Upon the shore of the Campeador—on Castile's prairie dun.
Bright beams he on the orange grove, on th' olive soft and clear,
On shepherd's home, on Royal dome, on glittering casque and spear.
The dark-eyed Madrilenas smile in their beauty's power,
From casements deck'd in tapestry fair and many a lovely flower.
The bells ring out, the banners flout the mild autumnal breeze
And all Madrid seems swarming like a hive of human bees.
Ah! joyful is the festival, but nobler is to come—
The bull fight on the Plaza, the scene of blood and doom.
Such scenes mark the commencement of a young Queen's wedded reign,
And the gladiator's sword is waved by matadors of Spain.
Ay! 'tis a joyful festival. The Queen sits in her pride
High in the Plaza Mayor, with th' Infanta by her side;
And Don Francisco there is seen, D'Aumale, Montpensier,
With all the proudest blood of Spain—Oh! 'tis a bright array.
Boldly the martial music bursts—excitement fills the air—
Four caballeros enter now th' arena of the square.
With low obeisance to the Queen they take their 'earless stand,
While near them waits the matador with ready dart and brand.
Loud shouts the multitude; and now the crowd is mute and still—
They wait the dreadful toro. He comes, and terrors thrill
The boldest hearts. Right on he comes undaunted to his fees.
Then round the joyful circus another shout arose.
Most joyful is the spectacle. Away! bold cavalier

A SPANISH BULL FIGHT: TAKING AWAY THE BULL

THE MAD BULL IN CHELSEA.

Hold hard the rein, keep stirrup true, and bravely couch the spear!
The furious foe comes rushing on: he make one noble bound,
And horse and rider both are seen stretched wounded on the ground.
"Brave bull! brave bull!" the myriads shout, while dies the gallant steed.
Now gored to death another and another horse succeed;
And of the four the matador now finds but one remain.
And Don Romero, young and brave, sways gallantly the rein.
On to the furious foe he flies, and plants the fatal steel
Right through the toro's foaming neck. He falls, he dies; while peal
The cries of gratulation wild, and many a donna fair
Waves with delight her kerchief white upon the perfumed air.

THE MAD BULL IN THE STREETS.

On Tuesday evening, Oct. 8, a mad bull escaped from the yard of the Nine Elms station of the South-Western Railway, and scampered off in the direction of Battersea-bridge, followed by some of the railway officials and a number of other persons for the purpose of securing

PLOUGHING.

him if possible. Their hootings and yells had the effect of maddening the beast to such an extent that he ruthlessly attacked and tossed every person who happened to come in his way. On passing over Battersea-bridge at a furious rate he charged a lamppost and broke one of his horns, and knocked down and trampled upon several persons passing over at the time. On clearing the bridge and taking the direction of Cremorne, several butchers and others, armed with poleaxes, knives, cleavers, and other formidable weapons, endeavoured to impede his further progress, whilst the shops of the immediate vicinity afforded inadequate refuge for the women and children who crowded them from the street. At this juncture one of the South Middlesex Volunteers succeeded in stabbing him with his bayonet, but it only had a slight and temporary effect. Soon after receiving this wound the bull seemed to get into a raving state of madness, and, as it passed impetuously along Little Chelsea, tossed, gored, and trampled upon a great number of persons. At length the butchers, and about 300 persons who had joined in the pursuit, having hemmed in the ferocious beast in Park-road, near Park Villas, Little Chelsea, managed to temporarily secure him by ropes, fastened to the railing, which resulted in the rails being torn down by the bull, and he again escaped into the fields; and it was not until past nine o'clock that he was slaughtered by a man in the employ of Mr. Gardiner, butcher, of Chelsea, by means of a poleaxe.

In addition to the following serious injuries, there are over twenty other sufferers, the names and nature of whose hurts could not be reliably ascertained:—David Eagle, labourer, 4, Oakley-terrace, Manor-street, Chelsea, in St. George's Hospital, not expected to recover; Thomas Lloyd, Battersea, in St. George's Hospital, serious contusions, but expected to recover; and Miss Emma Stephens, who received her injuries, consisting of serious contusions and cuts in her head, shoulder, neck, and ankle, in the following manner:—As the infuriated beast turned into Park-road, Little Chelsea, he met and immediately attacked the unfortunate young lady by knocking her down and then tossing her by her crinoline thrice in a frightful way—the crinoline proving, in this case, to be both the bane and the antidote. As soon as she had been rescued by the arrival of over 300 persons, who were following in pursuit, a stretcher was procured, and she was removed to her home, insensible, and remained in that condition till the next morning, when she began to improve.

AGRICULTURAL PICTURES.—PLOUGHING.—DRAWN BY DUNCAN.

When the natural year begins to end the farmer's year may be said to begin—that is, in autumn or early winter. Having reaped one crop, he has no time to lose in preparing for another. And so the plough appears in the field—the old horse-plough as yet, but soon to give way to one moved by steam. Ploughing, sowing, and reaping keep up the perpetual circle, eternal types of all men's doings, no matter what the special field of action may be. The time of the day and the sort of sky chosen by the Artist happily embody Thomson's lines:—

> But see, the fading, many-coloured woods,
> Shade deepening over shade, the country round
> Imbrown; a crowded umbrage, dusk and dun,
> Of every hue, from wan, declining green
> To sooty dark. There, now, the lonesome muse,
> Low whispering, lead into their leaf-strown walk,
> And give the season in its latest view.

Family Column.

A New Vegetable is about to be introduced into general use in England. Its proper name is Cherophyllum bulbosum; but as that is likely, in the opinion of the *Gardeners' Chronicle*, to be shortened into "Filly bulb," or some other equally barbarous but convenient designation, it is proposed to call it the Parsnep chervil. It is like a parsnep, but is really a sort of chervil. The French say it is one of the most delicious of vegetables; and we believe that this is not only true, but that the plant is as easy to grow as a turnip.

A Tree worth Planting.—Many of our readers must have seen in the Crystal Palace the specimen of the gigantic Californian plant, the Wellingtonia, which is the largest of all known trees. It is gratifying to find that it is quite at home in England, and is growing at a speed and with a luxuriance that outstrip all competition. A young plant only 6in. high when it was planted out, at the Grove, Epping, in 1856, is now 14½ft. high, 30ft. in circumference, and of the most beautiful and symmetrical shape. Imagine what England would be with such trees scattered all over it, rising to the height of St. Paul's; yet our descendants may very possibly witness such a state of things.

A Nice Dish from Cold Beef with Mashed Potatoes.—Mash potatoes, either in a plain way or with hot milk and the yolk of an egg, and add some butter and salt. Slice the cold beef and lay it at the bottom of a pie-dish, adding to it some sliced eschalots, pepper, salt, and a little beef gravy; cover the whole with a thick paste of the potatoes, and make the crust to rise like a pie-crust. Score the potato crust with the point of a knife in squares of equal size. Put the dish before a fire in a Dutch oven, and brown it on all sides. When nicely browned serve immediately. This, with an apple tart or dumpling to follow, is a capital makeshift dinner for a small family, or a nice supper for a winter's evening.—From a useful book, *The Family Save-all*.

Recreations.

Among the recreations of the people evidencing an advanced civilisation such intellectual institutions as the Polytechnic have especial claims on public attention. Mr. J. H. Pepper has made a laudable attempt at blending amusement with instruction by making Blondin's feats at the Crystal Palace the occasion of a lecture on the philosophy of balancing. He shows, in the first place, how it illustrates the law of gravitation, which subject he renders attractive by references to the Pyramids, the Leaning Tower of Pisa, the egg of Columbus, and the pose of statuesque figures, and the application of such instances to the art of rope-walking. We may add to our brief notice of this lecture our appreciation of Dr. Bachhoffner's efforts at the Colosseum, which, with a more popular aim, is devoted to the duty of familiarising science, and thus divesting the mind of the superstitions that occasionally gain vogue from the public want of the requisite information or an ignorance of natural causes. At Mdme. Tussaud's Exhibition has been added the likeness of the Baron de Vidil to the Chamber of Physiognomy.

The theatres will soon be in full play—a week or two will see them all open. Mr. Wigan recommenced on Monday his conduct of the St. James's, but has not yet adventured on any novelty. At the Haymarket Mr. Edwin Booth's representations of Shylock and Sir Giles Overreach are continued, and his Richard III. is underlined. We may, therefore, assume that the little theatre will run a short career of the legitimate. A new comedietta has been produced at the Princess', entitled "Jeannette's Wedding." It is adapted from the French operetta of "Les Noces de Jeannette," which last November, with Victor Massé's music, was presented at Covent Garden under the title of "The Marriage of Georgette." Miss Harris as the patient heroine, and Mr. Widdicomb as the irritable husband, were effective. At the Strand we have two new pieces. The first is entitled "Short and Sweet," adapted by Mr. Adolphus Charles Troughton from the French. The title contains the names of the two principal characters—Stockbrokers—who reside in the same country-house, and are both married men. But their dispositions are different; Short (Mr. J. Clarke) is a kind of domestic tyrant; Sweet (Mr. James Rogers) the most indulgent of husbands. The characters are admirably contrasted, and capitally acted. Mrs. Short (Miss Kate Carson) is apparently subdued, but secretly flirts with a handsome young merchant. Mrs. Sweet (Miss Eleanor Bufton), however, comes to the rescue of Mrs. Short, and by reading her a moral lesson restores her to a proper sense of duty. More than sixteen years ago the same piece was translated for the Adelphi by the late Haynes Bayly. The second piece is from the pen of Mr. Sterling Coyne, and entitled "The Particulars of that Affair at Finchley." The production has introduced a new candidate, Mr. H. Chester, whose claims to public favour are strong. The story of the piece is slight. The heroine (Miss Maria Wilton) assumes the garb of a knight of the road, and pretends to break into the house in order to frighten her guardians out of their consent to a marriage with the man of her choice. It is a pleasant affair, pleasantly enacted, though, like Hamlet's colloquy with Ophelia, "it lacks form a little."

Playgoers are interested in the announcement that Mr. G. V. Brooke will appear on the 28th at Drury Lane, when the theatre will open for the season. The New Royalty (late the Soho) will open on Monday with three new pieces—a drama, a ballet vaudeville, and a new operetta.

The City of London has opened with a new drama by Mr. Hazlewood, entitled "The Shadows of Life." We are not surprised that, in this locality, it should be of the "sensational" school; yet it would be unfair to the theatres of the East-end to infer that an inferior drama has with them a better chance than elsewhere.

The purifying influences of the drama has been especially felt in districts where much grosser tastes once prevailed. Saloons, where the drama was added originally in aid of drinking, have become theatres, with good plays and good players, and the drinking has, to a great extent, been superseded. The intellectual, fairly presented to English operatives, has gained the victory over the material. Such is the case at the Standard and at the Grecian, where we perceive new dramas are, or are about to be, produced which shall receive from us attention proportionate to their deserts. Whatever tends to the rational amusement of the people is morally beneficial, and ought to command the utmost encouragement from the intelligent critic.

Transpontine theatricals have a tendency to rise, also, in estimation, and we can point with pleasure to the fact that Mr. James Anderson is engaged at the Victoria. "Clouds and Sunshine" and "The Stranger" are the dramas in which he has appeared. At the Surrey the new piece, also named "a sensation drama," entitled "The Idiot of the Mountain," exhibits Mr. Creswick and Mr. Shepherd to advantage. The management have also ventured on a burlesque of Mr. Boucicault's great drama, which they have called "The Latest Edition of the Colleen Drawn (from a novel source)"—an ingenious perversion of the original title.

M. Fechter is announced to appear next Monday at the Princess' in "Othello." This circumstance will not only create much interest on its own account, but also for the new dispositions of stage business which will be introduced, and give to this great tragedy a more domestic air than is usually associated with its performance.

Social Progress.

A Hint from Paris.—"The municipal authorities of Paris have established (says one of the chief French newspapers) squares in every place where large masses of people threaten to render the atmosphere heavy—in all the quarters too far distant from the Tuileries, Luxembourg, and Bois de Boulogne, for the inhabitants to be able to reach them easily. In London, on the contrary, with some few exceptions, there does not exist a square worthy of mention, except in the rich and airy quarters. . . With us, trees have been planted with a hygienic object; squares have been formed more particularly in quarters where the air stood most in need of being purified, and for that purpose trees of an especial kind, and especially absorbent, have been chosen. Fountains, also, have been erected, which impart that salutary freshness to the air which is so necessary to the workman after he has been cooped up for the whole day in the heavy atmosphere of the workshop. In London the principal object thought of appears to be the health of the trees, and there has been chosen for them a mild and wholesome climate and a clear air in the neighbourhood of the parks, in order that they might not suffer too much from nostalgia. We do not mean to say that the City and other parts of London are completely void of squares, but only that they are so paltry that they might be said to have been blown there by the wind. But the general quarters of poverty—those masses of close and unhealthy houses, and the networks of dark and narrow alleys—in a word, every part which stands in need of pure air and of the light of day have been forgotten, or rather neglected, in this partition of life and health. In Paris the squares are open to every one; in London they are locked up, surrounded with high iron railings, and planted with shrubs, which prevents any one from seeing what is going on inside. . . . In London the squares are private property with which the State has no concern. In France, on the contrary, the initiative of these municipal improvements belongs to the Government, and it is to the city that we are indebted for their execution. The square of St. Jacques de la Boucherie alone cost upwards of 2,000,000f. The Imperial conceptions have yet reached only the commencement of execution. We have already the Bois de Boulogne, the Bois de Vincennes, and the transformed Champs Elysées; and we shall soon have public promenades in other parts. *Before long Paris will be an immense garden.* One need only walk in the middle of the day in the neighbourhood of the squares of the capital to see with what eagerness and delight the working classes avail themselves of them. To mention only one example: it is almost impossible to get into the square of the Arts et Métiers after four o'clock, so great is the crowd of persons assembled there. . . . An objection was formerly made that the establishment of a public garden is an idea very practicable in London, but not feasible in Paris, where the turbulent and destructive people would soon break down the trees and tear up the flowers and shrubs. Experience has shown how ill-founded was that opinion. On the inauguration of the park at Monceaux all the gates were open to the crowd, and no surveillance was exercised over 50,000 persons who thronged the walks and alleys. At the end of the day the damage amounted to only 45f., for the turf trampled down along the edges. This example appears to us to be conclusive. The squares have, moreover, been already for some time open to the public, and it has been found that the greatest decency and good order are observed. This is because the people comprehend that they are at home, and that the gardens have been formed for them. They feel by breaking a flower they injure their own property; and they, besides, feel a respectful gratitude for the hand which has given it to them." If London had a municipal government worthy of it would not all these things be equally practicable here? If not, it would be worth knowing why.

Jewish Synagogue at Dover.—The Lord Warden and Commissioners of Dover Harbour have made a grant of a plot of ground for a Jewish synagogue. It is virtually a gift; but the Act of Parliament forbidding the Harbour Board changing leasehold property to freehold without payment, they have charged merely a nominal price for it.

The Short-time Movement.—All the cotton-mills in Bury (Lancashire) are now running four days per week, and the principal employers have resolved to give notice of a reduction of 10 per cent in wages. The reduction in several instances, both in Bury and Heywood, will commence next week. The operatives, in some instances, have consented to the reduction.

The *Phare de la Loire* of Nantes reports that the opening of the dredging for oysters in the River Auray has just taken place. The two cutters charged with the protection of the fishery on the coast proceeded to spot, having each a band of music on board, and were followed by 220 fishing-boats dressed out with flags. The cutters having come to an anchor near the bank off Plessing, the boats commenced dredging, and in the short space of an hour brought up 350,000 oysters. In the evening the little town was illuminated, and dancing was kept up on the beach until a late hour. The principal interest attached to the above account consists in the fact that these oysters have been taken from new beds formed on the system of M. Coste, who has thus opened a lucrative branch of industry for the fishermen of that coast. [Why cannot M. Coste's system be profitably put into practice at points of the English coast?]

Inventions.

A New Motive Power.—Are we at last about to find what scientific men have so long yearned and worked for—a new, safe, inexpensive, and altogether inexhaustible source of mechanical power? We can scarcely resist the conviction that the author of the idea developed in the following extract from a contemporary has really made out a case for further inquiry. He says: "The tendency of modern scientific discovery has been to show that all the various forms of force with which we are acquainted are mutually convertible into one another. Thus, of the six forces known to us in connection with the universe—gravitation, motion, light, heat, electricity, and chemical affinity—it is well known that any one of the five latter is capable, by appropriate means, of generating the other four; the force of gravitation being capable, through the medium of motion, of giving rise to the other five forces, whilst it cannot itself be generated. Gravitation may therefore be assumed to be the elemental force, since it is the only one of the six which will generate all the others. So accurately have these correlations been studied that the quantitative value of gravitation has even been ascertained, it having been found that the mechanical force required to lift 772lb. to the height of one foot is capable, when converted into the force of heat, of raising the temperature of 1lb. of water 1 deg. Fahrenheit; in other words, this amount of heat may be generated by an appropriate utilisation of the gravitating pull, exerted by a weight of 772lb. during its downward movement through the space of one foot. Supposing, therefore, we were in possession of an unlimited number of 772lb. weights, and were to employ in the most judicious manner the force thus evolved in their downward progress, we should have an unlimited reservoir of power which could be converted at will into light, heat, electricity, or chemical affinity, and could be made to toil for human benefit without any corresponding expenditure of human labour so long as the weights continued their downward progress unarrested. If, however, any good were to be gained by such a machine, it must be managed so that the motive force (gravitation) should always remain on the pull, and this is and always will be the obstacle to the attainment of perpetual motion; the act of overcoming the force of gravity to re-raise the weights requiring the expenditure of exactly the same amount of power as has been generated during their downward fall; and so, before we can seriously discuss the feasibility of such a machine, we must find a perpetual flow of gravitating force always at hand, craving to be satisfied and yet inexhaustible. In other words, we must construct a clock which will wind itself up when the weight has run down without any expenditure of human power.

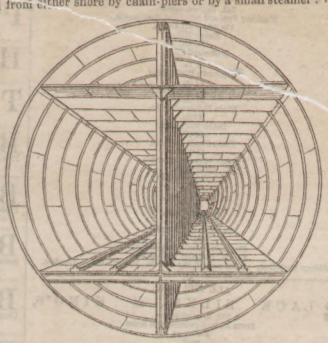
Sitting by the seashore a few days since, we could not help noticing the vast reservoir of mechanical power existing in the ocean. We do not refer to the noisy dash of the waves as they break upon the beach, but to the infinitely mightier, although silent and progressive, energy exerted in the gradual rise and fall of the tides. Compared with the stupendous power capable of being utilised for man's benefit, and present in the rise or fall of millions upon millions of tons of water through a space of ten or twenty feet four times a day, all the steam, water, or wind power in the world, together with the united muscular force of every living being, human and animal, sink into utter insignificance. We will try to form some idea of this power. Let us suppose that, by the tides, the difference of level of the surface of the ocean at a certain spot is 21ft. between high and low water. Omitting, for the present, all consideration of the power of the subjacent liquid, what is the mechanical value of a space of 100 yards square of this water? 100 yards square by 21ft. deep equals 70,000 cubic yards of water, which is lifted to a height of 21ft., or to 1,470,000 cubic yards lifted to a height of 1ft. Now, since one cubic yard of water weighs about 1063lb., 1,470,000 cubic yards weigh 2,474,010,000lb., which is lifted in six hours. This is equivalent to lifting a weight of 412,335,000 foot pounds in one hour; and, since one horse-power is considered equivalent to raising 1,800,000 foot pounds per hour, we have locked up in every 100 yards square of sea surface a power equal to a 230-horse power steam-engine, acting, be it remembered, day and night, to the end of time, requiring no supervision, and costing nothing after the first outlay but the wear and tear of machinery. By means of appropriate machinery connected with this tidal movement any kind of work could be readily performed. Water could be hoisted or air compressed to any desired extent, so as to accumulate power for future use, or for transport to distant stations. Light of surpassing splendour could be generated by means of magneto-electric machines; and, with a very little exercise of ingenuity, every lighthouse on the coast could be illuminated with sunlike brilliancy, and with absolutely no expenditure of fuel; the very same mechanical power of the ocean, which in its brute force would dash the helpless vessel to pieces against the rocks, being bound and coerced, like the genii in the Eastern tales, and transformed by man's intellect into a luminous beacon to warn the mariner against the approach of danger."

And why, we may ask, in conclusion, if all these glowing anticipations are reasonable, should not the seashore be the seat of our manufactures, since the power they require can there be obtained for nothing? And the health and vigour of the workpeople would be wonderfully increased at the same time by the change of locality.

THE RAILROAD ACROSS THE CHANNEL.

Mr. James Chalmers, as we learn from an interesting paper in the *London Review*, greets us with a scheme for a Channel railway connecting England and France. He does not profess to be the first to moot the idea; on the contrary, the persistence with which projectors have schemed to link our tight little island to the Continent is urged by him as a sign of the necessity that exists for its accomplishment. His only claim is, that he offers his method as the only practicable one yet presented to the public; and we must say that, compared with the many visionary projects that would-be engineers have given forth, Mr. Chalmers' seems simplicity itself. Three French projectors proposed tunnelling under the Channel; five English and two French proposed submerged tubes; a Frenchman proposes an arched railway or tunnel on the bottom; and an Englishman a mammoth bridge.

The tunnel seems to have been received with most favour. The Emperor Napoleon, only as late as 1857, received with no ordinary attention a scheme of M. de Gamond to annex England to France geographically by means of a tunnel. He proposed to form thirteen islands in the Channel by depositing therein immense mounds of chalk and stones. Through these his project was to drive shafts, and when at a given level to tunnel east and west. The ostensible reason for the Emperor's abandonment of this scheme was the impediment these islands would give to the navigation; but we fancy the real reason was that he could not afford to throw money into the sea in so many directions at the same time. The projector of one of the schemes for a submerged tube proposes to build it in one length on shore, and then to float it out to sea, and drop it at one dash. His task accomplished, however, poor travellers would not have been much benefited, inasmuch as he proposes to have the two ends of his tube made solid, and entered from either shore by chain-piers or by a small steamer!



UNDER-SEA RAILWAY TUNNEL.

The enthusiastic gentleman who suggests the arched roadway on the bottom of the strait proposes to construct it by the agency of forty subaqueous boats and 1500 sailors and navvies—subaqueous also, of course. The projector of the bridge would build 190 piers in the Channel—300ft. square at the bottom, rising to 150ft. square at the level of the sea. On these pedestals he would build towers, 100ft. in diameter, 260ft. high; connecting his chain of towers with a tubular bridge far above the topmost truck of our tallest "admiral." When we remember that the midchannel is about 160ft. deep, and that, say, at least 40ft. would be necessary for foundation, these mammoth towers would be about 460ft. high, rising from a base of 300ft. Remember, good reader, our engineer does not project one of these pyramids to be constructed in a restless seaway, but 190! Mr. Chalmers is jocular enough at the expense of the schemes of his predecessors, but there are a few items in his own which require explanation. His plan is a tube reaching from shore to shore, in the still depths of the Channel. As this tube will have a powerful tendency to rise, it is to be weighted with iron boxes filled with rough stones, the whole to be covered with an embankment of stones, which will form a ridge from shore to shore 150ft. wide at the base, 40ft. high, and from 40 to 120ft. below the level of low water.

This tube is to be enlivened with three ventilators—one in mid-channel, and one about a mile from either shore. As the tube is to be eighteen miles in length, passengers will never be further from the light than four miles and a half. But an excursion-train, or perhaps half a dozen, within three minutes of each other, would possibly find themselves hard-up for breathing-holes, like the poor frozen in seals, sometimes, in the northern regions; so the projector proposes a system of artificial ventilation, by up and down draughts, such as we already have in our coal-mines. The necessity for such an adjunct is obvious enough, but it certainly is not calculated to give any favourable view of this new trajectus. But schemers are ever sanguine, and in the very weakness of their case see nothing but strength. One would think that a passenger would shut his eyes and rush under the roaring waters of the Channel with some such feeling as Schiller's diver ventured after the golden cup—only too glad if he came to the upper world all safe and sound. But no! Mr. Chalmers must make him absolutely enjoy both the prospect and his sensations:—

"The cleanly-painted light-coloured iron and a thousand double lamps—one every thirty-five yards—will give a cheerful aspect to this ocean roadway, and render it an agreeable contrast to the noise, and damp, and darkness of an ordinary tunnel, or even the miles of uninviting scenery that often meet the eye in broad daylight. The noise in the tube can be reduced to a minimum; unlike tubular bridges suspended in the air, the sound and vibration of the iron will be deadened and neutralised by the equability and elasticity of the pressure without; and, as the situation of the roadway will admit of a perfectly united rim, the sensation that travellers will experience on entering the Channel railway will be akin to what we feel after walking on a gravelly road with thin shoes, when we step upon the downy sward of a smooth green lawn!"

We are by no means disposed, however, to disparage the efforts of those who are working in advance of their age. It may be possible to accomplish a land passage under the English Channel. There is no part of that Channel, be it remembered, so deep but that St. Paul's Cathedral planted there would stand up head and shoulders out of the water. We know there are no great irregularities of bottom, for the first electric cable ever laid, without special care or knowledge, remained in perfect working order for ten years, and when taken up the other day for repairs was found nearly throughout in as perfect a condition as when it was first laid down. This is Neptune's testimony to the calm condition of the water and the goodness of the bottom, and where a flimsy cable could remain so long a perfect pipe, able to resist all the efforts of one of the most subtle principles in nature to escape into the surrounding water, surely a tube of iron could be found equal to maintain a free passage for man himself. The difficulties are all comprised in getting the tube once there. Mr. Chalmers may well laugh at the idea of building a tube twenty miles long on land, projecting it like a large beam across the Channel, and then dropping it; but how does he attempt to get over the difficulty? He tells us he proposes to make his tubes in lengths of 400ft. and 30ft. in diameter, and of joining them under water. He gives us, indeed, the most minute directions as to the manner in which these huge masses of iron are to be floated out and then sunk so that they shall be joined together impermeably in the surrounding water. To read his scheme it would the surrounding [illegible] the whole thing could be done really seem as though [illegible] join gas or water pipes above ground.

Granted that we can annex England to the Continent by a Channel railway for £12,000,000?, it will be readily conceded that the undertaking would be highly profitable. Mr. Chalmers, we think, places his estimate of a total annual revenue of £1,300,000 far too low. We cannot estimate the amount of either passenger or goods traffic that would flow by such a line. It would be limited, we believe, only by the mechanical capabilities of its trains. The rails which spread out upon either shore only require some medium of direct communication to exchange the very life blood of the Continent with our own. If one of the chief recommendations advanced by the proprietors of the Great Eastern was her freedom from motion and the abolition of seasickness, what may not be said in favour of a rail that would sweep away for ever that terrible infliction at present interposed between the personal communication of ourselves and the rest of Europe? The accomplishment of such an undertaking would indeed confer honour on any engineer. Already Mont Cenis is half drilled, and we see no reason why that greater Mont Cenis, the British Channel, should not be penetrated by some genius, backed by sufficient sinews of war.

Lord Palmerston will complete his 77th year tomorrow (Sunday).

International Exhibition, 1862.—It is understood that the musical arrangements for the opening of the Exhibition, on the 1st of May next, are as follows:—Four new works will be given, each by a different composer, representing the most musical nations in Europe. M. Meyerbeer will represent Germany; M. Auber, France; Signor Verdi, Italy; and Professor Sterndale Bennett, England. It is said that the words for the English composition will be furnished by the Poet Laureate. These works will be executed with all the means necessary to give them the greatest possible effect.

The Surrey Magistrates held a meeting at Kingston on Tuesday. Major Penrhyn, who has been elected chairman, stated that it was intended to prefer a bill of indictment against Mr. Train and several members of the Lambeth vestry for unlawfully obstructing the thoroughfare by laying down a tramway in the Kennington-road.

The Chaplain at Wandsworth House of Correction, in his report, alludes to drunkenness as the principal source of crime, and he suggests that public-houses should be subjected to greater restrictions than at present.

Between Saturday night and Sunday morning last eighty-three persons were lodged in two of the Dublin police-offices, and charged with drunkenness and disorderly conduct. The police attribute this great number of arrests to the recent opening of numerous beerhouses under the Beer Act of George IV.

ROBERT COCKS and CO.'S LIST OF NEW MUSIC.

THE HOLY MOUNT. Sacred Melodies for Piano. By W. H. CALLCOTT. Three Series. Each, Solo, 5s.; Duet, 6s.

THE ADORATION. Sacred Melodies for Piano. By W. H. CALLCOTT. Three Series. Each, Solo, 5s.; Duet, 6s.

THE HOLY FAMILY. Sacred Melodies for Piano. By W. H. CALLCOTT. Three Series. Each, Solo, 5s.; Duet, 6s.

N.B. Ad lib. Accompaniments for Flute, Violin, and Violoncello to "The Holy Mount," "The Adoration," and "The Holy Family," 1s. each Part.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN. New Vocal arrangement, harmonised by Dr. CROTCH. Edited by W. H. CALLCOTT. On a card. 2d.

LE TRIOMPHE DES ARTS. Quadrille. By ADAM WRIGHT. With View of the New Exhibition. 3s.

OH! YE TEARS. Song. Poetry by CHARLES MACKAY; Music by FRANZ ABT. 2s.

KATHLEEN AROON. Song. Poetry by Mrs. CRAWFORD; Music by FRANZ ABT. 2s.

WHAT ARE THE WILD WAVES SAYING? For Piano. By BRINLEY RICHARDS. 3s.

GENTLE RAY OF SUNLIGHT. Song. Poetry by J. T. TILDESLEY; Music by W. T. WRIGHTON. 2s.

ONE HUNDRED OPERATIC MELODIES, for Violin Solo. By N. MORI. 1s. 6d.

ONE HUNDRED SONGS WITHOUT WORDS. By N. MORI. 1s. 6d.

THE CHEERFUL DRUM. Four-part Song (Vocal March, No. 6). By FRANZ ABT. On a card. 2d.

WHERE THE BEE SUCKS. For Piano. By A. LEDUC. 3s.

OLD ENGLISH AIRS, Fantasia on, for Violin and Piano. By N. MORI. 4s.

AS YOU LIKE IT. Polka for Piano. By ADAM WRIGHT. 2s. 6d.

YE OLDEN TIME. Polka Mauirka. By CARL FAUST, of Breslau. 2s. 6d. "Pretty, and easy to play."—The Musical World

THE DRAGON-FLY. Polka. By CARL FAUST, of Breslau. Brilliantly Illuminated, 2s.

N.B. Lists of the admired Compositions of Carl Faust may be had gratis and post-free.

ROBERT COCKS AND CO.'S EDUCATIONAL WORKS ON MUSIC.

306th Edition.—Hamilton's Modern Instructions for the Pianoforte. Fingered by Czerny. 70 pages, folio. 4s.
65th Edition.—Hamilton's Dictionary of 3500 Musical Terms. 1s.
68th Edition.—Clarke's Catechism of the Rudiments of Music. 1s.
19th Edition.—Hamilton's Modern Instructions for Singing. 5s.
24th Edition.—Czerny's 101 Elementary Studies. Edited by W. Vincent Wallace. 8s.; or, in two books, each 4s.
22nd Edition.—Czerny's Etude de la Velocité. Edited by W. Vincent Wallace. 10s. 6d.; or, in two books, each 6s.
32nd Edition.—Hamilton's Catechism of Thorough Bass and Harmony. 2s. Key, 1s. 6d.
13th Edition.—Hamilton's Practical Catechism of Singing. 3s.
8th Edition.—Hamilton's Catechism for the Violin. 1s.
7th Edition.—Hamilton's New Musical Grammar. 3s.
8th Edition.—Hamilton's Art of Tuning the Pianoforte. 1s.
4th Edition.—Hamilton's Catechism of Counterpoint, Melody, and Composition. 3s.
3rd Edition.—Hamilton's Catechism of the Organ. 4s.

ROBERT COCKS AND CO.'S CATALOGUES.

Supplied Gratis and Postage Free.

Catalogue of 1000 Songs, with Key, Compass, &c., of each composition.
Catalogue of 6000 Piano Solos, Elementary Works, &c.
Catalogue of New and Popular Pianoforte Music, complete Lists, under the Composers' names.
Catalogue of Elementary Pianoforte Music, with 2000 Teaching Pieces.
Catalogue of the Works of Wallace, Richards, West, Callcott, &c. (Catalogue of Drawing-room Music).
Catalogue of Educational Works, Theoretical, Historical, &c.
Theory of Music—Lists of Works, with Tables of Contents, Criticisms, &c., for the use of Students.
Catalogue of Vocal Music, Songs, Duets, Glees, &c.
Catalogue of Music for Violin, Tenor, Violoncello, &c.
Catalogue of Music for Flute, Cornet, Brass Band, &c.
Catalogue of Cathedral, Church, and Organ Music.
Thematic Index of Stephen Glover's Vocal Duets.
Selection of Songs, Words, and Themes.
Miss M. Lindsay's Songs, Words, and Themes.
Thematic Indexes of Brinley Richards's Classical Pianist and Student's Practice.
Catalogue of Pianoforte Pieces for Teaching.
Catalogue of German Songs.
Catalogue of Standard Works suitable for presents.
Green Catalogue, greatly enlarged, for Teachers.
Periodical List of Musical Novelties.
Catalogue of Scarce and Valuable Works, offered at moderate prices. (Just issued.)
Notice of Mr. Hamilton, with List of Instruction Books.

WHAT ARE THE WILD WAVES SAYING? Vocal Duet. By STEPHEN GLOVER. 3s.

WHAT ARE THE WILD WAVES SAYING? Transcribed as a Romance, without Words, for Piano, by G. A. OSBORNE. 2s. 6d.

WHAT ARE THE WILD WAVES SAYING? Transcribed in an easy style, and fingered for Piano, by J. BELLAK. 1s.

THE ECHOES OF KILLARNEY. By BRINLEY RICHARDS. Reminiscence for Piano, introducing "The Meeting of the Waters." 2s. 6d.

THE ECHO OF LUCERNE. By BRINLEY RICHARDS. Transcribed for Piano. 3s.

WARBLINGS AT EVE. By BRINLEY RICHARDS. Romance for Piano. Solo, 2s. 6d.; duet, 3s.

THE ECHO NOCTURNE. By BRINLEY RICHARDS. For Piano. 2s. 6d.

O, THOU THAT TELLEST (Handel's "Messiah"). Arranged for Piano by G. F. WEST, 3s., being No. 8 of the Second Series of "Gems from the Great Masters."

ANGELS EVER BRIGHT AND FAIR (from Handel's "Theodora"). Arranged for Piano by G. F. WEST. 3s. The song, elegantly arranged for Voice and Piano, by Carl Czerny, 1s. 6d.; arranged by John Blaby, 1s.

G. F. WEST.—DEAD MARCH IN SAUL, for Piano. 3s. The publication of this favourite piece has been unexpectedly delayed, but it is now ready for delivery. The arrangement is one of as exquisite.—N.B. Lists of Mr. West's "Gems from the Great Masters," and his other compositions, are supplied gratis and post-free.

G. F. WEST.—HEROLD'S OVERTURE TO ZAMPA. Arranged for Piano. Solo, 3s.; Duet, 4s.

London: ROBERT COCKS and Co., New Burlington-street, Regent-street, W.; and of all Musicsellers.

CHAPPELL'S MUSICAL MAGAZINE, No. 1, Price 1s. (or 1s. 2d. post-free), containing THIRTEEN SONGS by BALFE, with Pianoforte Accompaniment.
CHAPPELL and Co., 50, New Bond-street.

CHAPPELL'S MUSICAL MAGAZINE, No. 2. Price 1s. (or 1s. 2d. post-free).
TEN SONGS by the Hon. Mrs. NORTON.
CHAPPELL and Co., 50, New Bond-street.

CHAPPELL'S MUSICAL MAGAZINE, No. 3. Price 1s. (or 1s. 2d. post-free).
TEN SONGS by WALLACE.
CHAPPELL and Co., 50, New Bond-street.

CHAPPELL'S MUSICAL MAGAZINE, No. 4. Price 1s. (or 1s. 2d. post-free).
TEN SONGS by MOZART, with Italian and English Words.
CHAPPELL and Co., 50, New Bond-street.

CHAPPELL'S MUSICAL MAGAZINE, No. 5. Price 1s. (or 1s. 2d. post-free).
TWELVE SACRED SONGS by J. BARNETT, G. BARKER, &c.
CHAPPELL and Co., 50, New Bond-street.

CHAPPELL'S MUSICAL MAGAZINE, No. 6. Price 1s. (or 1s. 2d. post-free).
TWELVE SONGS by HANDEL.
CHAPPELL and Co., 50, New Bond-street.

CHAPPELL'S MUSICAL MAGAZINE, No. 14. Price 1s. (or 1s. 2d. post-free).
TEN SONGS BY SCHUBERT.
CHAPPELL and Co., 50, New Bond-street.

CHAPPELL'S MUSICAL MAGAZINE, No. 15. Price 1s. (or 1s. 2d. post-free).
EIGHTEEN of MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES.
CHAPPELL and Co., 50, New Bond-street.

TO ADVERTISERS.

THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER.

Charge for Advertisements, 6d. per line.

Authorised Agent to receive Advertisements, THOMAS FOX, 2, Catherine-street, Strand, W.C.

BENSON'S WATCHES and CLOCKS, "Perfection of mechanism."—*Morning Post.*
Gold Watches, 5 to 100 guineas; Silver Watches, 2 to 50 guineas.
Send two stamps for "Benson's Illustrated Pamphlet," descriptive of every construction of watch now made, with their prices.
Watches sent to all parts of the kingdom free by post, or to India and the Colonies, for 5s. each extra.
33 and 34, Ludgate-hill; 46 and 47, Cornhill, London, E.C.
Established 1749.

HONITON COURT, CRYSTAL PALACE. This Establishment is now replete with the Choicest Descriptions of MILLINERY, LACE, ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS, &c., for the approaching season.

CRYSTAL PALACE. A splendid assortment of PARIS DIAMONDS will be found at the Stand (back of Silvy's), and opposite the Concert Room. Every description of jewellery cheaper than at any London House.

TO LADIES.—Long Evenings.—A handsome cut-out EMBROIDERY PATTERN for bottom of Petticoat, &c., from which any number can be traced, sent for seven stamps.
R. PETERS, Tovil, Maidstone.

FOR MOUTH and GUM DISEASES nothing excels FULFORDS DELECTABLE BALSAM. Nurses may use it for infants, however delicate, and sufferers generally of any age, with safety and unfailing success. In pots, at 2s. 9d. HANCLAY and SONS, Farringdon-street, E.C.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT and PILLS have been long and justly famed for their curative effects in Enlarged Glands, Diphtheria, Sore Throat, and other Diseases of the Neck and Chest. The Ointment should be well rubbed over the affected part twice a day.

AUTUMN SILKS at KING'S,
243, Regent-street,
Washing Foulard Silks for the Seaside,
15s. the Full Dress.
Fancy Silks,
17s. 6d.
Millerays' Silks,
£1 1s.
Shepherd's Plaid Silks,
£1 1s.
Glacé Striped Silks,
£1 5s.
Plain Coloured Silks,
£1 7s.
Satin Bar Silks,
£1 10s.
Plain Poult de Soies,
£1 15s.
Poult de Soies Ecossais,
£1 19s. 6d.
Chatrille Du Rhin,
£2 5s.
Gros d'Alma,
£2 10s.
Gros de Suez,
£2 15s.
Taffetas de l'Empire,
£3 10s.
Poult de Soies Pompadour,
£4 15s. (usually sold at £9).
Patterns post-free.—Address to King and Co., Regent-street, London.

ALL THE NEW
BLACK SILKS at KING'S,
243, Regent-street,
from £1 to 5 guineas the Robe.
Patterns
sent
post-free
to
all parts
of the
world.
Address to King and Co., Regent-street, London.

AUTUMN SHAWLS.—
The Paris Shawl,
in all the new materials.
Engraving with description and prices free.
PETER ROBINSON, 103 to 108, Oxford-street.

AUTUMN RIBBONS.—Ladies and Milliners resident in the Country will save money and procure the newest styles by writing for Patterns, which are sent free.
Ribbons for every purpose.
PETER ROBINSON, 103 to 108, Oxford-street.

BLACK SILKS.—The Richest, Best, and Cheapest Stock in London,
and the best-wearing Silks to be obtained.
Black Glacé (the Noir Imperiale), from 30s. to 90s. the Dress.
Black Duchesse, from 90s. to 84s.
Black Lyons Poult de Soie (wear guaranteed), 60s. to 90s.
Black Gros Royale, from 50s. to 90s.
Black Radzimorles in the richest qualities.
Black Figured Silks (extraordinarily cheap), from 2s. 6½d. per yard.
Black Poplins, the most approved makes.
Black Moire Antiques, from 2 to 10 guineas.
Black Crystalin.
Black Flounced Silk Robes, from 2½ to 7 guineas.
Rich Silk Skirts, elegantly trimmed, with or without crape.
At PETER ROBINSON'S Family and General Mourning Warehouse,
103 and 104, Oxford-street, London. Patterns free.

BABIES' BERCEAUNETTES,
2½ guineas.
Baskets to match, 1 guinea.
Mrs. W. G. TAYLOR 53, Baker-street.

CHRISTENING ROBES for PRESENTS,
2½ guineas; Christening Caps, 1 guinea; Babies' Cloaks, 1 guinea; Hoods, ½ guinea.
Baby Linen in complete sets of varied qualities.
Mrs. W. G. TAYLOR, 53, Baker-street.

MARRIAGE OUTFITS.
Cotton Hosiery, 2s. 6d.
White Dressing-gowns, 1 guinea.
Real Balbriggan Hosiery.
Mrs. W. G. TAYLOR, 53, Baker-street.

LADIES' RIDING TROUSERS,
Chamois Leather, with Black Feet. Habits, 5½ to 8½ guineas.
Linsey Habits, for little Girls, 2½ guineas. Riding Talmas, 1½ guinea.
W. G. TAYLOR, 53, Baker-street.

LADIES' RIDING HABITS,
5½ to 8 guineas.
Waterproof Riding Talmas, 1½ guinea.
W. G. TAYLOR, 53, Baker-street.

Every Monday, consisting of Eight Large Pages, Illustrated,
THE HALFPENNY JOURNAL,
A Weekly Magazine for every one able to read.
CONTENTS:—
1. The Black Band; or, The Mysteries of Midnight. A Romance of the Present Day. Illustrated.
2. Colleen Bawn (now performed at all the Theatres). Illustrated by Phiz.
3. Scenes and Sights of London Life. Illustrated by M'Connell.
4. Answers to Correspondents: Gems of Thought, Facts, Golden Gleanings, Family Helps, Interesting Statistics, Scraps, Essays.
EVERY WEEK—ONE HALFPENNY.
London: WARD and LOCK, 158, Fleet-street.

THE WELCOME GUEST.
One Halfpenny, every Week, profusely Illustrated.
London: GEORGE VICKERS, Angel-court, Strand.

Halfpenny Series of "The Welcome Guest."
RECOLLECTIONS OF A LONDON DETECTIVE.—These most interesting revelations of a Police Inspector are derived from an experience of life extending over forty years, most actively engaged in the metropolitan service. They appear regularly in every weekly number of the
HALFPENNY WELCOME GUEST.
The First Recollection began in No. 1, published August 31.
London: GEORGE VICKERS, Angel-court, Strand.

Every Monday, price One Halfpenny,
THE WELCOME GUEST.
Eight Large Pages, Weekly, profusely Illustrated.
CONTENTS:—
1. Maritana the Gipsy; or, The Prisoners of Madrid. A Romance of Thrilling Passion. Illustrated.
2. The Baddington Peerage. A Novel. By G. A. Sala.
3. Recollections of a London Detective.
4. Wonders of Nature and Art. Illustrated.
5. Deeds of Daring. Illustrated by Phiz.
6. Poetry. Essays and Sketches. Things that ought to be known. Wit and Humour. Household Hints and Useful Receipts.
7. Notices to Correspondents.
London: GEORGE VICKERS, Angel-court, Strand.

GRIMM'S GOBLINS, 1d. Complete in Forty-three Penny Numbers, all in print. Coloured Illustrations.
London: G. VICKERS, Angel-court, Strand.

THE BATTLE AND THE BREEZE, 1d. Illustrated. Complete in Fifteen Penny Numbers, all in print.
London: G. VICKERS, Angel-court, Strand.

PETER WILKINS, 1d. Coloured Illustrations. Complete in Fourteen Weekly Penny Numbers, all in print.
London: G. VICKERS, Angel-court, Strand.

HOURS AT HOME, 1d. Coloured Illustrations. Complete in Twenty Penny Numbers, all in print.
London: G. VICKERS, Angel-court, Strand.

THE HALFPENNY ALMANACK for 1862, Containing a Million Facts and Fancies. Profusely Illustrated.
London: WARD and LOCK, 158, Fleet-street.

BOOSEYS' MUSICAL CABINET.—No. 1 contains 20 Songs by Mendelssohn, with English Words and Pianoforte Accompaniments. Price One Shilling.
BOOSEY and SONS, Holles-street.

BOOSEYS' MUSICAL CABINET.—No. 2 contains 12 Songs by Balfe, with Pianoforte Accompaniments. Price One Shilling.
BOOSEY and SONS, Holles-street.

BOOSEYS' MUSICAL CABINET.—No. 3 contains 14 Songs by Verdi, with English Words and Pianoforte Accompaniments. Price One Shilling.
BOOSEY and SONS, Holles-street.

BOOSEYS' MUSICAL CABINET.—No. 4 contains 20 Songs of the Christy Minstrels (first selection), with Choruses and Pianoforte Accompaniments. Price One Shilling.
BOOSEY and SONS, Holles-street.

BOOSEYS' MUSICAL CABINET.—No. 5 contains 50 popular Waltzes for the Pianoforte. Price One Shilling.
BOOSEY and SONS, Holles-street.

BOOSEYS' MUSICAL CABINET.—No. 6 contains 12 Sets of Quadrilles for Pianoforte (complete). Price One Shilling.
BOOSEY and SONS, Holles-street.

BOOSEYS' MUSICAL CABINET.—No. 7 contains 40 popular Polkas and 10 Galops, with all the trios and second parts complete. Price One Shilling.
BOOSEY and SONS, Holles-street.

FORD'S LACE JACKETS,
10s. 6d. to 2 guineas.
Pretty Muslin Jackets, 8s. 6d.; Embroidered ditto, 16s. 9d.
Private Fitting-rooms, with Female Attendants only.

FORD'S MARINE CLOAKS.
Waterproof—not Airproof—Approved Shapes, 21s.
An immense variety at 10s. 6d., 12s. 6d., &c., &c.
A new pattern is just prepared—useful and ladylike.

FORD'S GARIBALDI SHIRTS for LADIES
Flannels and Cashmeres, of all colours, plain and embroidered
Garibaldi Shirts from 4s. 6d.
42, Oxford-street, W.

FORD'S GARIBALDI SHIRTS for LADIES
may be worn with or without jackets, and are excellent for yachting, picnics,
and all kinds of excursions.

LINENDRAPERS TO THE QUEEN BY APPOINTMENT.
Established in 1778.
LADIES' WEDDING OUTFITS
sent free of carriage.
Descriptive Lists, with prices, sent free by post.
CAPPER, SON, and CO., 69, Gracechurch-street, London, E.C.

Sent post-free, Descriptive Lists of
COMPLETE SETS OF BABY LINEN,
which are sent home
throughout the kingdom free of carriage.
UNDERCLOTHING FOR HOME, INDIA, and THE COLONIES,
for Ladies and Children of all ages.

LINENDRAPERS TO THE QUEEN BY APPOINTMENT.
Established in 1778.
BABIES' BASSINETS,
Trimmed and Furnished
ready for use, and sent home free of carriage.
BABIES' BASKETS,
Trimmed and Furnished to correspond.
CAPPER, SON, and CO., 69, Gracechurch-street, London, E.C.
Descriptive Lists, with Prices, sent free by post.

Printed and published for the Proprietors by EBENEZER FARRINGTON, of 4, Farringdon-street, in the parish of St. Sepulchre, in the city of London.—SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1861.